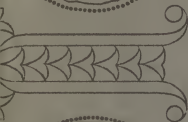
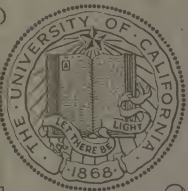
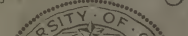
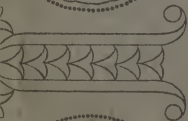


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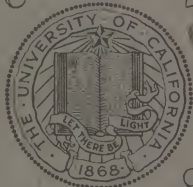
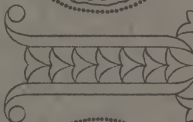
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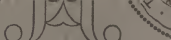
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THE MOTHER'S FABLES;
AND
TALES AND FABLES IN VERSE.
BY E. L. AVELINE.

A NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION.

“Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

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THE MOTHER'S FABLES.

In Verse.

DESIGNED, THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF AMUSEMENT, TO
CONVEY TO CHILDREN SOME USEFUL PRECEPTS
OF VIRTUE AND BENEVOLENCE.

By E. L. AVELINE,

Author of "Simple Ballads," &c., &c.

A NEW EDITION, TO WHICH IS ADDED
(FOR THE FIRST TIME)

TALES AND FABLES.

IN VERSE

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM HARVEY.



LONDON: JAMES HOGG & SONS.

Reg. Prof. Taylor

GIFT

Bumstead

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1861

PREFACE TO THE NEW EDITION.

THE popularity of "The Mother's Fables," on their first publication nearly half a century ago, obtained for that pleasant and instructive little volume, a wide circulation. The book has been out of print for some years, and in preparing a new Edition for the press, the friends of the Author now add, for the first time, in a complete form, the "Tales and Fables in Verse;" one or two of which, published at intervals, have become "household words" with the young.

LONDON, *July*, 1861.

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NOTICE OF DEATH

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PART I.

THE MOTHER'S FABLES

In Verse.

DESIGNED, THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF AMUSEMENT,
TO CONVEY TO THE MINDS OF CHILDREN
SOME USEFUL PRECEPTS OF VIRTUE AND BENEVOLENCE.

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Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

PART II

THE MOUNTAIN CALLED

IN 1763

By the Hon. John Jay, Esq. of New York.
In a Letter to the Hon. John Jay, Esq. of New York.
By the Hon. John Jay, Esq. of New York.

Printed by J. M. Smith, at the New York Press, No. 10, N. York Street, N. York.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THE difficulty of bringing home to the understandings of children the moral of a fable, must have been experienced by all who have attended to the impression which such compositions usually make on young minds. It is obvious, that their attention and curiosity end with the fable ; and the application which follows is irksome to them ; its intention, therefore, is lost.

The plan of the author, in the following little volume, is, so to prepare young readers, that they may, without difficulty, apply the fables themselves ; for which purpose, each of them is preceded by an introduction, explaining the occasion on which it was delivered, and pointing out the fault intended to be exposed and corrected.

THE HISTORY OF THE

The history of the world is a vast and complex subject, encompassing the lives of countless individuals and the events that have shaped our civilization. From the earliest times, when our ancestors first emerged from the forests and caves, to the present day, the human story has been one of constant change and growth. The history of the world is not just a record of events, but a reflection of the human condition, of our struggles, our triumphs, and our enduring quest for knowledge and meaning.

In the beginning, the world was a place of mystery and wonder, a land of uncharted territories and undiscovered secrets. Our ancestors, with their simple tools and limited knowledge, sought to understand the world around them, to make sense of the forces that governed their lives. They were the first explorers, the first scientists, and the first philosophers, laying the foundation for the great civilizations that would follow.

As time passed, the world grew more complex, more diverse, and more interconnected. The great empires of antiquity, the Middle Ages, and the Renaissance gave way to the modern world, a world of science, technology, and global communication. The history of the world is a testament to the human spirit, to our ability to overcome adversity, to our capacity for innovation, and to our unwavering pursuit of progress.

Today, as we stand on the shoulders of the giants of the past, we are faced with new challenges and new opportunities. The world is more interconnected than ever before, and the challenges we face are more complex and more urgent than ever. But we have the tools, the knowledge, and the spirit to overcome them. We have the power to create a better world, a world of peace, prosperity, and harmony for all.

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THE MOTHER'S FABLES.

THE MIMIC.

Mamma, I lisp like Lucy Price ;—
O ! I can take her off so nice :
And nurse, who speaks so odd, you know,
You'd be surpris'd, I mock her so :
And then I say, *vhat*, *vhen*, and *vhy*,
Like Mrs. Scott, so vulgarly ;
For, all the while, she cannot tell
But that I'm really speaking well.
But Charles and Rose, they laugh'd outright,
When she was here the other night !

Indeed, my love !—I'm hurt to see
Your cruel trick of mimicry ;
I fear you quite forget to do
The same as you'd be done unto ;
And when infirmities are mock'd,
I must confess I'm really shock'd.

'Tis so unkind, it makes me fear
There's something bad at heart, my dear.
'Twould give me pain, I can't express,
To think it more than thoughtlessness.

Poor nurse!—you ought to recollect
Her age and kindness with respect;
And Mrs. Scott, when she was young,
Was never taught her mother-tongue,
As you have been,—and yet I know
She'd be too good to treat you so.
'Tis not too late, my dear, to mend,
Or else you'll never have a friend;
And 'twould be paying dear for fun,
To be dislik'd by any one.
Perhaps, Sophia never heard
The fable of the Mocking Bird.

THE MOCKING BIRD.*

They tell us that the mocking bird
Sings like the nightingale;
And in the summer nights is heard
In many a pleasant vale.

Yet, not contented with her song,
All other sounds she mocks;
Now growls, to drive the sheep along;
Now screams, to cheat the fox.

* The mocking-bird is possessed, not only of its own natural notes, which are musical and solemn, but it can assume the tone of every other animal in the wood, from the wolf to the raven, and appears to amuse itself with leading them astray.

There's not a note in all the wood,
But she is sure to hit ;
A raven's croak, in murky mood ;
A cuckoo or tom-tit.

But (every mimic finds the same)
For all she was so witty,
A single friend she could not name ;
She'd neither love nor pity !

At first she felt too light and vain,
To think or care about it ;
But when in trouble and in pain,
'Twas sad to do without it.

For, once, a raven heard her try
To imitate his croaking,
And snapp'd her wing, in passing by,
To cure her of her joking.

Then many a bitter wail she made,
And call'd her friends to see ;
But no one even turn'd his head,
For not a friend had she.

At length, she scrambled to her nest,
Half fainting with exertion ;
And many a thing she sat and guess'd,
T' account for such desertion.

Poor wretched me, what have I done,
So innocent and merry ?
I never rail'd at any one,
Nor wrong'd him of a berry !

Ah me!—my silly, silly wit,
Is why I'm thus forsaken;
I thought I was admir'd for it,
But how I was mistaken!

THE FALSE ALARM.

“What dismal screams are those I hear?
Why, Sophy,—is their danger near?”

“Mamma, I'm scratch'd—my frock is torn,
I've been entangled with a thorn;
In such a place!—you do not know,
The nasty thorns have prick'd me so!”

“And am I put in this alarm,
Because a hoyden scratch'd her arm?
By such a loud and fearful scream,
I thought you'd fallen in the stream;
And tremble even now, with fear!—
You ought to be ashamed, my dear.
You know you shriek'd the other day,
When Charles but pinch'd you in his play;
So that our neighbours kindly sent,
To learn the dreadful accident.
Come, dry your tears, and, when you're able,
Attend, and profit by a fable.”

THE ELEPHANT AND FLY.

The roaring of an elephant was heard one summer day,
So loud and long, that every one was startled with
dismay;

And all his friends assembled in the thickest of the
wood,
To ask what was the matter, and to help him, if
they could.

Oh! sure, they cried, he has become the cruel
hunter's spoil,
And now he roars indignantly within their artful toil;
Or has, at last, his callous hide receiv'd the fatal dart,
Which floods some dreary cavern with the life-blood
from his heart?

Then fast they hurried onward, though they all were
fill'd with fear,
For every one had little doubt that danger must be
near;
Yet not a single elephant would cowardly retreat,
Though fearful that a pitfall wide would open at his
feet.

Still would they not forsake their friend, but trotted
through the wood,
O'er brake, and brier, and bog, and pool, as nimbly
as they could,
But when, at last, they found him out, no hunters
could they see;
No pitfall had betray'd his steps, and not a wound
had he.

His eye was dim and sorrowful, his head was low
declin'd,
And, therefore, they conclude at once, there's some-
thing on his mind;

And with a look most pitiful, partaking of his grief,
Enquire if they can sooth him, or administer relief.

Rejoic'd was he to see his friends, and said that they
should know

The cause he had for discontent, and why he bellow'd
so ;

And then he gave a peevish grunt, and look'd so very
sad,

That every one prepar'd himself to hear of something
bad.

My friends, he cried, I laid me down by yonder river's
brink,

And in my dream, I thought myself just stooping down
to drink ;

But at the very moment, as I panted for the spring,
The largest fly you ever saw awoke me with his sting !

They stamp'd with indignation, and their bosoms
burn'd with rage,

And every one seemed half inclined a civil war to wage ;
But feeling that beneath them, they departed with a
sneer,

And vow'd they'd never mind him, if he roar'd for
half a year !

THE SELF-CONCEITED LITTLE MAN.

If I were king, and I could rule,

I'd not go back again to school.

Mamma, I've read my books all through,

And now I must have something new ;

I know them almost all by heart,
And think that's plenty, for my part.
Sometimes I make the scholars stare,
For I know more than any there.
To hear some read, you'd think 'twas Dutch,
And even master don't know much !
I only wish I might have gone
To Eaton school, with cousin John ;
For here, as far as I can see,
There's nothing more that's fit for me.

Well, Edward, then I do suppose
Your education here must close,
Since you're beyond your master's reach,
And nothing's left for him to teach.
But, Edward—if you did but know,
'Tis ignorance persuades you so !
For else you never could pretend,
To be almost too wise to mend.
What, if you've read your lessons through,
Is nothing good but what is new ?
O ! Edward, hide that foolish face,
And from a fable learn your place.

THE PARTRIDGE AND HER YOUNG.

The corn was changed to yellow red,
The winds of autumn waved its head ;
A field there was, where thick it stood,
And sheltered many a feathered brood.

While round about the sky-lark sung,
A partridge there had reared her young;
And being of her children vain,
She loved to see them in her train.

They now could make their pinions sound,
And flutter fast along the ground;
And strove to fly, or swiftly raced,
Or through the corn each other chased.

The eldest, stronger than the rest,
Was often straying from the nest;
For birds of spirit could not bear
So much, he said, of mother's care.

He soon disdained, in self-conceit,
To ramble only in the wheat;
The field he knew at every turn,
And nothing fresh was left to learn.

He now should like to try the air,
And join the cheerful parties there
He sure had strength enough to fly,
And wings to bear him through the sky.

He flaps them oft, and longs to find
His little brothers left behind;
And thinks within himself, that he
A monstrous clever bird must be!

One day, upon a rising ground,
With all the nestlings gathered round,
He bade them see to what a height
He's able now to take a flight.

And then, a yard or two he flies,
Exciting wonder and surprise ;
His little breast with triumph glows,
At every foot he higher goes.

At length, assisted by the breeze,
He's borne aloft above the trees,
With eager joy he struggles long,
And beats his pinions fast and strong.

The breeze is brisk, as brisk can be ;
But now it sinks, and so does he ;
Now, round and round he flutters fast,
And tumbles over-head at last.

The others, who with wondering eyes
Had watched their brother in the skies,
Now reach the place, where, almost dying,
He mourns his self-conceit in flying.

“ For my presumption, now you see
What sad misfortune's come on me ;
Do you my pride and folly shun,
And be content awhile to run.

“ O ! do not even fly in play,
Until our mother says you may ;
She would not keep us to the nest,
Unless she knew that it was best.

“ Tell her I promise, if I live,
And she my folly will forgive,
To be content, and not to try,
Till she has taught me how to fly.”

A VAIN LITTLE GIRL.

“Mamma, I thought, the other day,
’Twas strange Miss Audley did not play;
It seems to me a foolish thing,
She does not even learn to sing!
Dear me, how awkward she must feel;
She can’t, you know, be thought genteel:
’Tis well enough for poor Miss Waters,
But not for better people’s daughters.”

“My dear, I really blush to see
Your ignorance and vanity!
Miss Audley’s father is a man
Who goes upon a better plan,
And seeks those lessons to impart
That form the mind and mend the heart.
To make her good is his intent,
Without much show and ornament.
Indeed, I see myself, with pain,
It often makes young people vain;
And fonder of a little show,
Than all the things they ought to know:
And really I’m concerned to hear
Miss Waters treated so, my dear;
She has a useful education,
Becoming to her proper station;
And is a child that I admire,
Much more than some a great deal higher.

I only wish that you may be
But half as excellent as she;
And then I should but little care,
To find you could not play an air."

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE SILKWORM.

A Grasshopper, so pert and vain,
To her companions would complain,
How ungentle were they;
'Tis only she that sweetly sings,
For all the rest are poor dull things,
Who neither sing nor play!

She ridiculed the Bee, her neighbour,
For his incessant toil and labour,
For ever on the wing!
By far too busy in his shop,
To learn the fashionable hop;
Poor common, vulgar thing!

"There's Spider, with his look of gloom,
Sits like a weaver at his loom,
With manners just as low;
Now, if he'd come and learn of me,
Soon all the fashion he should be,
And quite the garden beau.

"Yet do not say I love to rail,
For as to honest neighbour Snail,
I quite admire her knack;

For if she ever likes to roam,
Poor dear, instead of leaving home,
She brings it on her back !”

Thus prated on, this pert Grasshopper,
Until a Silkworm deigned to stop her,—
And just left off to say:
“So, madam, we then have no taste,
Because our lives we will not waste,
And throw our time away !

“You lady of accomplishment,
Who think that life is wisely spent,
To learn a fiddler’s skill ;
When those light limbs have lost their spring,
And you can neither dance nor sing,
You’ll find you’ve chosen ill.”

ROSE IS LAZY.

“O! Rose, for shame ! what, just awake !
Why not your sister’s walk partake ?
She’s been, she says, a lovely way,
And looks so rosy and so gay !
Your maid has called you, but I find,
You did not care, and did not mind !
I’m not surprised you’re weak and faint,
But who will pity your complaint ?

Yawning and listless all the day,
You've hardly spirits for your play;
But do not wonder at disease,
After such lazy fits as these.

Besides, my dear, it is a crime
To waste a moment of our time.
But come, a lesson you shall hear
From Snock and Doctor Chanticleer."

SHOCK AND DOCTOR CHANTICLEER.

A lap-dog on a cushion lay,
And there he slumber'd all the day;
From early morn till closing night
To slumber there was his delight.
Yet far from quiet rest was he;
He had one mortal enemy;
Hard by a noisy dunghill cock
Disturb'd the peace of pamper'd Shock.
If now he sinks to short repose,
He's soon awaken'd from his doze,
For Chanticleer, with sudden screams,
Disturbs his sleep and spoils his dreams.
At length, his patience being gone,
He put a look of courage on;
And, though he felt the labour hard,
Resolv'd to travel to the yard,
To find his foe, and to protest
He could not bear such broken rest.

But when he reach'd the garden gate,
Poor Shock was in a dismal state—
Another step he could not stir !
But met the friendly kitchen cur,
Who begged to know from what disaster
His cousin Shock could move no faster.

Poor cousin Shock with pain replied :
“ Alas ! I thought I should have died.
I cannot tell you my complaint,
But constantly I'm sick and faint,
And feel so dreadfully oppress'd,
I fear there's water in my chest.”

The cur had got a tender heart,
And in his sorrows took a part ;
Some ugly symptoms made him fear
He needed Doctor Chanticleer—
“ One who,” said he, “ has studied hard,
And lectures gratis in the yard ;
Chief wrangler once at barn-door college,
And fam'd for equal skill and knowledge ;
He's moderate too—I paid my fees
In broken bread and rinds of cheese.”

“ What ! Chanticleer,” cried Shock—“ not I ;
There's nothing else I would not try ;
But really, cousin, I'm too weak
To hear that barb'rous fellow speak :
Such nerves as mine, that scarce can bear
The whistle of a key-hole air,

Would suffer so, that he could never
Cure me, if he were twice as clever.
Indeed I've ground for what I say—
'Tis he that scares my sleep away,
Till, every time I hear him crowing,
I feel as if my life were going."

"Why, I was once as bad as you,"
Replied the cur, "and weaker too:
By day or night I could not rest,
With just that fulness in my chest:
And now you'd not have seen me here
Except for Doctor Chanticleer.
He seem'd to understand my case
The moment that he saw my face,
And said I was advancing far
In what they term a plethora.
'Good living and the kitchen air
Are more,' said he, 'than you can bear.
To-morrow, when you hear me crow,
About the time of morning glow,
You must not mind a little pain,
But rise, and hie you to the lane;
Then up the hill, and underneath
The shrubbery walk, to Rushmere-heath,
And where nine elms are in a ring
You'll find at last a lucid spring—
A water this of wondrous power,
Drink fasting at an early hour.'

"'Twas but a simple remedy,
And so I thought it wise to try;

And, after once or twice attending,
I felt convinced that I was mending.
No longer dainty, I could eat
A crust of bread as well as meat;
And now my looks are quite enough
To recommend this doctor's stuff."

"Alas!" cried Shock, "my case is hard:
You see I scarce can reach the yard;
And yet I think 't would do me good
To taste the spring at Nine-elm wood."

"Well," cried his kind, obliging friend,
"To-morrow morning I'll attend,
And do as much as in me lies,
At early dawn, to make you rise."

He kept his word, and Shock and he
Went every morn in company.
'Tis true the air was keen—'tis true
That underfoot 'twas wet with dew;
That when his thirst he came to slake,
It was so cold it made him shake;
And if his cousin had not laugh'd,
He might, perhaps, have left his draught.
But finding soon that he was better,
He thought himself the Doctor's debtor;
And, like a dog of sense and feeling,
Resolv'd to own his skill in healing—
To fee him handsomely, and dwell
Upon the wonders of his well.

The Doctor shook his head, and smiled,
To see his patient so beguiled.
“My friend,” he cried, “I’m glad to hear
You’ve had the sense to persevere;
But that is no uncommon spring.
You wonder, but ’tis no such thing:
The charm that in the water lies
Is, that it gives you exercise.
You owe the cure of your diseases
To early hours and morning breezes!”

CHARITY WITHOUT CHARITY.

“Mamma, I’ve spent my money now,
And need not fear to tell you how.
I am not like some girls and boys
Who waste it all in cakes and toys:
No, no; ’tis different with me—
I’ve laid it out in charity.

As soon as aunt has heard about it,
She will not leave me long without it;
I’m very sure she’ll give me more
Than ever she has done before.”

“Sophy, is that the reason, pray,
That makes you give your pence away?
If so, the action you have done
Is far from a praiseworthy one.
The Bible bids us give, and then
Not hope for anything again.

'Tis good the poor to clothe and feed,
But such a motive spoils the deed;
And God, who understands your thought,
Sets all your goodness down for nought.
I think to you may be applied
The fable of the Honey-Guide."

THE HONEY-GUIDE.*

Come, while a boasting bird
Spreads his own praise.
Like it was never heard—
Mark what he says:

"When you, in forest wide,
Seek the sweet food,
I am your Honey-guide
Through the thick wood.

"Hunters that follow me
List for my cry;
After the Honey-bee
Always I fly.

"What I might eat alone,
Then I resign!
Pray, who has ever shown
Goodness like mine?"

* The Indicator, or Honey-guide, is a native of Africa. It has received its name from the Dutch settlers, on account of its discovering wild honey, which is its favourite food. The morning and evening are its times of feeding, when it is heard calling, in a shrill tone, *cheer, cheer*, which the hunters carefully attend to as a summons, and usually reward it with a small share of the spoil.

"Stop—stop," a Parrot cries;

"Listen to me:

Where the real motive lies

First let us see.

"If you for man endure

Labour and toil,

You have forgotten, sure,

Who shares the spoil."

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

What! have you not a word to say

About your visit yesterday?

Well, by your silence, I conclude

You thought the little party rude;

And did not wish to say a word,

About the quarrelling you heard.

'Tis strange that children, when they meet,

Are so delighted with the treat,

And yet, can take such little care

In playing, to be kind and fair.

The proud command the rest about;

The fretful tease; the sulky pout;

The greedy scramble for the cake,

More than their share that they may take;

The passionate are quickly fired,

And then they quarrel till they're tired!

The squabble that last night fell out,
Reminds me of Grimalkin's rout ;
Which, as you both behaved so well,
I'll now, for your amusement, tell.

CATS AND DOGS.

On a moon-light night, Grimalkin's rout
Display'd a very fine set out ;
For puss had thought it good,
Around the neighbourhood,
Her cards to send about ;
And cat and dog of ton, that liv'd around,
Had each a card, and courteous welcome found.
Happy, happy how they fare !
None but the ton !
None but the ton !
None but the ton, that night, were there !

Grimalkin foremost shone,
With whiskers long and thin ;
And softly purr'd at every one,
As cat and dog were usher'd in.
And now, together, in a social crowd,
Some whisper, some talk loud,
Of this cat's ermine fur ;
The beauty of that cur,
Who holds his tail so proud :
Here puppies, mixed with kittens, well agree,
Those bark *Bons mots*,—these mew the repartee.

Sometimes they eye'd
Their friends aside ;
Sir Sandy's waistcoat—Mrs. Tabby's spot :
Miss Sleek appears,—
What taper ears !
I wonder where that dainty skin she got,
See now they play,
And frisk away ;
In a race,
How they chase,
In the dark,
Mew and bark ;
And now, agree to sing a roundelay.
Soft in feline, canine measure,
Soon their hearts were sooth'd to pleasure ;
Peace 'tween cat and dog they sung ;
Ever broken, now renew'd ;
The chorus through the great hall rung ;
And loud by every cat was mew'd.
Four Turnspits bark, the supper to announce.
And scrambling in they altogether bounce.
All is nice,
Birds and mice ;
Each as he took,
Extoll'd the cook.
Madam will you
Just taste the larks ?
The answer mew,
He gently barks :
Wit flies around, and compliments are paid ;
And peace and harmony the whole pervade.

The feasting part was nearly done,
When all seemed less and less in fun;
Threat'ning scowls,
Mutter'd growls,
The little remnant brews.
Talons are stirr'd;
Hisses are heard;
And louder, louder mews.

The grumbling noise begins to swell;
Soon the quarrel breaks outright;
Now they bite,
Scratch and fight;
Cats they squall'd;
Dogs were maul'd;
And discord rose, which none can tell.
With tooth and claw,
With nail and paw,
They fierce assail;
Kittens squeak;
Puppies weak,
Scratch'd ears bewail.
More clam'rous yet the tumult grows;
The warring trumpet shriller blows:
Barks and wailings;
Cries of whelps,
Mews and yelps;
Frightful, frightful squallings.

Alarmed, at length, the cook arose,
A kitchen broom she brandished round;

And down the stairs
Her vengeance bears,
On every cat and dog she found :
Her broad red arm, with muscles strong,
Dealt heavy blows among the throng ;
In haste they fled ;
Not one remained ;
But silence reigned ;
And cook returned in peace to bed.

This famous rout,
Thus turning out,
Produced a proverb sad and true ;
For when 'tis found in private life,
That friend and friend, or man and wife,
Thus bark, and scold, and scratch, and mew,
'Tis said to be,
Like cat and dog, they can't agree.

CHARLES WISHES FOR A LONG LIFE.

CHARLES had been leaning on the church-yard stile,
And looking at a new-made grave the while.
At length he spoke, though long he musing stood ;
"Mamma, I wish I'd been before the flood ;
How fine, to live five hundred years or more,
Not to be on old man even at fourscore !"

"And why that wish, my love," his mother cried,
"For even then, you know you must have died ;

And who can tell, but such a long delay,
Had made you less inclin'd to go away!
No, rather think, that if your death is near,
'Tis wise to be prepar'd at once, my dear;
And then whene'er it come, you need to dread
That church-yard grave as little as your bed.
I think you like to hear a pretty fable,
About an oak ;—I'll tell you, if I'm able."

THE YOUNG OAK.

A silly young oak, as you'll presently hear,
One day, took upon him to say, with a sneer,
An acorn was I from a Druid's old tree,
How many long ages may I hope to see!

On you I shall mark the destruction of time,
Decaying with age, while I'm yet in my prime;
My limbs I shall spread, more majestic shall grow,
Whilst you and your children are all lying low.

And what, cries an Ash, if you throw your broad shade,
Where prone on the earth in decay I am laid?
You are mortal as we, and must wither and die,
Though not quite so soon, yet as surely, as I.

The green dress of summer no more shall you wear;
Your root shall be knotted; your boughs thin and
bare;
Nor then little birds in your shadow shall play,
To carrol sweet songs in the fine summer day.

"But only the bat in your gloom shall delight;
Or the owl, sailing home to your shelter at night:
Your trunk rough and hollow, your branches unsound,
If you stand, it shall be but to cumber the ground."

SOPHIA COMPLAINS OF THE FROGS.

Last evening, by the river's side we stray'd,
Where swarming frogs their croaking chorus made;
And Sophy cried, "This noise I can't endure,
Mamma, I wish there were no frogs, I'm sure;
Such miserable things had better die,
Than always make this melancholy cry."

"No, Sophy, no, you must not think them sad;
They make that croaking noise because they're glad.
See that old frog, with little ones around,
You think her croaking has a dismal sound,
But there I'm sure my little girl is wrong:
I'll tell you now the meaning of her song."

THE FROG'S SONG.

None, none are so happy as we are, my daughters:
How pleasant to sit by these cold flowing waters,
Or all day among the green rushes to hide,
Or under some mossy old stone to abide!

When the sun is gone down, and the stars are come
out,
Then, pleasant it is to be hopping about;

We sing merry songs, and we like our own tune,
And dance as we sing in the light of the moon!
None, none, are so happy as we are, my daughters,
For ours are the rushes, and ours the blue waters!

THE MISTAKE.

“Mamma, there’s Rachel making hay,
Although ’tis such a sultry day!
For my part, I can scarcely stir,
And how much worse it is for her,
All day beneath the burning sun;
It really ought not to be done.”

“’Tis proper, Sophy, to be sure,
To pity and relieve the poor;
But do not waste your pity here,
Work is not hard to her, my dear;
It makes her healthy, strong, and gay,
And is as pleasant as your play.
We’ve each our task; and they may boast
The happiest life, who do the most.
None need our pity half so much
As idlers,—always pity such.”

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Wrapt up in her elegant stole,
A Lily, a delicate lady,
Sat under a green parasol,
Enjoying the covert so shady.

One morning she said to the Bee,
"Friend, really I cannot but wonder
Your labour incessant to see,
Without any shade to be under.

"You know 'tis genteeler by far,
At home to be softly reposing,
'Till rises the evening star,
And to spend the broad daylight in dosing.

"From morning till evening employed,
You have been hardly treated by nature!
By you, not an hour is enjoyed!
O, what an unfortunate creature!"

Said the Bee, "You have nothing to do,
But let me assure you, Miss Lily,
To think none are happy but you,
Is really exceedingly silly.

"Though I do not repose in the shade,
I feel a more exquisite pleasure
In viewing the cells I have made,
And storing them well with my treasure.

"I'm happier far, on the whole,
For all you may sneer at my labour,
Than you, with your green parasol,
And all your perfume, pretty neighbour!"

SOPHIA IS DISOBEDIENT.

“Mamma, I wish so much to play
With Fanny Singleton to-day :
She'll think it very cross, I know,
If really I must never go ;
And as for what was told to you,
I'm almost sure it is not true.
She pressed me so to call to-day,
That I could scarcely keep away ;
So I half promis'd that I would
Go in the evening, if I could.
I'm certain that you need not mind,
She's so agreeable, and so kind.”

“Sophy, you have a naughty way
Of arguing, when you should obey ;
My motive now, you may not see,
But dutiful you ought to be ;
And should not think, a child like you
Can judge of what your parents do.
I have important reasons why
Your play with Fanny I deny ;
I told you so, and yet you say
You've promised her to call to-day !
I'm really grieved, my love, to find
That what *I* think you do not mind.”

“Indeed, mamma, I'm quite ashamed,
And know 'tis right that I am blamed ;

I did not think about it then;
But will not do the like again :
Forgive me now, and you shall see
How meek and dutiful I'll be."
Thus Sophy to her mother cried,
And in a fable she replied.

THE UNDUTIFUL KID.

Mrs. Goat, having visits one morning to pay,
Left word with her daughter, at going away,
To keep in the house, and the hall-door to lock,
And not to regard it, whoever might knock.

For the wolf, in those parts, was accustomed to prowl,
And had kept her awake all the night with his howl;
But at this, little Miss turned away with a pout,
And said, "To be sure, I shall keep the wolf out!"

The dame went her way, but returning again,
Entreated her daughter to put up the chain.
"Dear me, what a trouble," cried little Miss Kid,
"However, 'tis safest to do as one's bid."

A few minutes after, came rat-a-tat-tat,
So she could not be quiet, but cried, "Who is that?
For mamma is gone out, and she bade me take care,
And to keep the door shut, lest the wolf should be
there."

“Lack-a-day ! I’m no wolf,” cried the stranger, “Miss Kidd ;

But as I would wish you to do as you’re bid,
Pray do not, by any means, open it far,
But, while I am speaking, just set it a-jar.”

So silly Miss Kid laid her hand on the chain,
Then felt half afraid, and considered again ;
For, said she, ’tis a truth that I cannot deny,
My mother is older and wiser than I.

At length she replied : “If you are coming this way,
I’ll thank you to call, sir, on some other day ;
For, to tell you the truth,—it is silly enough,
But I’m frightened a little, your voice is so gruff.”

How vex’d was the wolf, (for it was he indeed,)
To think that at present he could not succeed ;
But he bade her good morning, and hied to the wood,
To think of some plan to get in, if he could.

At length, picking up some soft wool that he saw,
He bound it, as well as he could, on his paw ;
Then back to the house he returned, as before,
But only made one little tap at the door.

“Who’s there ?” said Miss Kidd ; “tell me who you
may be.”

“Only look at my paw,” said the wolf, “and you’ll
see ;

But, however, I’ll tell you at once who I am.”

So he spoke very softly—“I’m little Miss Lamb ;

"I met Mrs. Goat, and she told me to say,
As you're left quite alone, I might come for the day;
Besides, between friends, I've a secret or two,
Which I am quite anxious to whisper to you."

Now this was the thing of all others, he guess'd,
To prevail with Miss Kid; for it must be confessed,
That few other things could have tempted her so;
(Like some silly children whom you and I know.)

So she drew up the latch, that her friend might come in,
But how great her dismay when she saw his rough
chin!

And the sharp row of teeth in his terrible jaw!
And the talons that peep'd through the wool on his
claw!

She flung to the door, and shriek'd murder amain!
And well was it now, that she put up the chain;
For though he could reach her, to give her a scratch,
It kept him away till she fasten'd the latch.

Then, growling along to the forest he went,
And left her, at leisure, her fault to repent;
And soon as her mother came back, she reveal'd
The whole of her folly, and nothing conceal'd.

Her mother was pleased that she did not deny,
And add a worse fault—that of telling a lie.
And now she's so careful to do as she's bid,
That no child is better than little Miss Kidd.

FALSE COURAGE, AND TRUE COURAGE.

'Tis like a coward or a fool,
For boys to bear affronts at school !
A boy of spirit *I* admire,
Who has some bravery and fire ;
I'd rather make a little riot,
Than be so very tame and quiet !

Charles, do not think that courage lies
In noise, and heat, and enterprise ;
Nor in revenge, or tit for tat :
Courage is far enough from that !
True spirit would protect the weak ;
But for itself is mild and meek ;
Is very seldom bold and daring,
And never rough, or over-bearing ;
But often finds it most befitting,
To show its courage by submitting.

THE LAMB AND THE SERPENT.

A Lamb in a meadow was frisking about,
When close to the hedge-row a serpent crept out ;
She admir'd his slender and tapering tail,
His glistening eye, and his smooth coat of mail.

These serpents, she thought, they are beautiful things,
What a pity it is that they should have such stings !

Yet, wishing to see him, she nearer advanc'd,
And he was good-natured that day, as it chanc'd.

"My daughter," he cried, "come nearer, I pray,
For something I have of importance to say,
About our detestable enemy, man,
Who rules like a tyrant, wherever he can.

"How could he be fed, or be cloth'd, but for you?
Who pamper his pride, and his luxury too;
And yet what reward does he make you, I pray?
You are robbed of your wool, or are fatted to slay.

"At night, it is really a shame to behold,
You are smother'd almost in a comfortless fold;
I often glide by you, and wish you could be
Courageous enough to defy him, like me.

"I hate, I detest him, and fill him with fright;
The proudest man trembles when I am in sight.
Then join us, my daughter, you easily can,
And wage open war with your enemy, man."

"Indeed, Mr. Serpent, she gently replies,
I know, very well, you are thought to be wise;
But yet, I must think, 'twould be foolish and vain,
For me the protection of man to disdain.

"By night and by day I am glad of his care;
He watches the fold, that the wolf be not there;
And though it may seem like a prison to you,
Without it I cannot tell what we should do.

“ While you, sir, I fancy, are fasting for weeks,
My food in these sweet pleasant meadows he seeks ;
And, thanks to his care, I can safely repose,
Whilst you are unable your eye-lids to close*.

“ O ! sir, it would never be fit for a lamb,
To quarrel and fight ! I am best as I am ;
And I think they are wisest, and happiest too,
Who live quiet lives, and submit as I do.”

THE VAIN WISH.

I wish it would be always spring,
That I might hear the black-bird sing.
I love to see the flowers blow,
And hear the cooling waters flow.
But now the spring will soon be fled,
And dreary winter comes instead ;
Then let me listen while I may,
To the Cuckoo's simple lay.

TO THE CUCKOO.

Cuckoo, Cuckoo, timid bird,
Seldom seen, but ever heard ;

* All kinds of serpents are said to sleep with their eyes open ; and they often watch for weeks together for a single meal.

Cuckoo, Cuckoo, tell me why—
Foolish thing, you are so shy?

Little birds, within our view,
Are not known so well as you;
For your voice's cheerful sound,
Fills the woodlands all around.

Still to me the song is dear,
For it sings of summer near;
Sweet the notes that seem to bring
All the pretty flowers of spring.

You the violets usher in,
Primrose, and sweet jessamine;
With the cuckoo-flower too—
Bird of spring! 'tis nam'd from you.

There are lords' and ladies gay,
Almond, and the scented May;
Roses red and white combine
With the sprightly eglantine.

Lilac too, and daffodil,
And the pretty drooping bell;
Bed-straw, with its sweet perfume—
All at once begin to bloom.

Cuckoo! would that I, like you,
The flowery season could pursue;
Borne away on rapid wing,
Finding thus perpetual spring.

Still the flowery train you meet,
And in leafy woods retreat :
Happy bird ! where'er you go
Flowers spring and waters flow !

Yet, methinks, he seems to sing,
"Envy not my roving wing ;
Though I stray as Cuckoos do,
Wintry days are good for you."

ALWAYS SPEAK TRUTH.

How beautiful is truth ! and truth is given
To guide all hearts, because it comes from heaven :
The simple lesson of thy earliest youth,
Was to love God, and know that God is truth !
And He requires it in our inmost part,
Not on our lips alone, but in the heart.
O ! let the love of truth pervade your soul,
And every word and action still control ;
Though wit the liar's language may adorn,
Yet from the book of life his name is torn.

THE TRAVELLED PARROTS.

Two Parrots, young and poor,
Once went to take a tour,

And then return'd, their travels to rehearse ;
Amid their native wood,
The feather'd audience stood,
Parrots, you know, are willing to converse.

So he who best could chatter,
First introduced the matter,
Without regard to falsehood, or to blunders ;
He made his story fit
His own conceit and wit,
Embellish'd, now and then, with travellers' wonders.

He said they saw a land
Where birds had the command :
They rul'd both man and beast, and had for ages ;
They fear'd no gun or cat,
For all was tit for tat,
And boys and girls were kept to sing in cages.

He said (and flapp'd his wing),
A parrot was the king,
Who had a palace made of golden wires :
Prime minister,—the owl ;
While other noble fowl
Were high in office,—judges, lords, and 'squires.

And now to turn the story
To his own praise and glory,
He said, he was esteem'd so brave and loyal—
That he had offers fair
To stay and settle there,
And make a match with *Poll*, the Princess Royal.

At last the other bird
Requested to be heard ;
And in the modest tone of truth and feeling,
Related to his neighbours
Their perils and their labours,
No stories adding, no distress concealing.

He said he had no notion,
A voyage across the ocean
Was so fatiguing, or so long would last ;
He thought they must have died,
But that a ship they spied,
And rested now and then upon the mast.

We staid, he said, awhile,
Upon a wooded isle,
Where worms and caterpillars were in season ;
But as we could not find
One bird of Parrot-kind,
We did not there continue, for that reason.

At last we reach'd a place,
Where throngs of Parrot-race
Soon flock'd around to cheer our melancholy :
But in that foreign land
They could not understand
A word we said ; not even *pretty Polly*.

We travell'd far and wide,
And many a country tried

But now, my friends, return'd to you and home :
With pleasure 'tis confest,
I love my own the best,
And from my native woods no more I'll roam.

The whole attentive throng
Approv'd the artless song,
And thank'd the traveller for his pretty story ;
While that poor boasting bird,
With ridicule was heard ;
He found disgrace, in seeking his own glory.

CHARLES TAUGHT HUMANITY.

"Ned and I have fishing been;
See, mamma, this crooked pin !
Here the little worm was stuck ;
We have had amazing luck !
Here's such a famous load of fish,
Enough to make a handsome dish.
See how they leap about and frisk !
It seems to make them very brisk :
I like to see them on the shore :
I'll go and fish a little more."

"No, Charles, you must not go again,
To take delight in giving pain :
I'm sure, my dear, you have not thought,
How much they suffer for your sport.

Suppose I stick this crooked pin
A little way in Charles's chin ;
And then, perhaps, his heart will melt,
At what the worm and fish have felt ;
For though the Lord of all has given
To man each creature under heaven,
Freely to take them for our use ;
Yet this can offer no excuse,
For those who make an idle sport
Of what was meant for our support ;
And if in wantonness we kill,
We act against the Giver's will."

THE CRUEL CUB.

A Cub, who was lying just out of his den,
Mumbled and grumbled, and tasted his hen ;
And when he had finish'd his cruel repast,
He made this harangue to his mother at last :

" Pray, why must we lead such a troublesome life,
For ever engaging in murder and strife ?
By day, I am skulking about in alarm,
And steal like a felon, at night, from the farm.

" We bear a sad character, mother, I've heard ;
There's nobody gives us (they say) a good word :
Why cannot I be like the innocent lamb,
And not such a cruel young cub as I am ?"

To this this the old mother discreetly replied : —
“I fear, here is less of compassion than pride ;
What, cannot you see any diff’rence, I wonder,
’Twixt getting one’s living, and villanous plunder ?

“We must not find fault with what nature has
made ;

The whole race of Foxes are butchers by trade ;
And all must allow, that no harm is befalling,
So long as we honestly follow our calling.

“But, child, when you are not in want of a meal,
’Tis then you should think what poor animals feel ;
And not swing a pretty duck over your back,
For nought but the pleasure of hearing it quack.

“It was with concern and displeasure I saw,
Last night, a poor rabbit you had in your paw ;
You kept it in misery more than you need,
And teas’d and tormented it sadly indeed.

“The creatures that nature has placed in our power,
We may with humanity kill and devour ;
But this we should do in the easiest way,
And not take delight in tormenting our prey.

SOPHIA, A LITTLE PEDANT.

“Sophia, I’ve a fable here,
That suits some folks too well, I fear :
I saw with pain, the other day,
When with your little friends at play,
You seem’d to look, and speak, and jest,
As though you thought yourself the best ;
And wish’d in every thing, to be
Head of the little company.
You talk’d about your books and playing,
Thus your own vanity betraying ;
And show’d with all your proud pretence,
A want of modesty and sense.
I’d rather that my child should be
Possess’d of sweet humility,
Her own deficiencies discerning,
Than full of vanity and learning.
The very little that you know
Has made you self-conceited grow ;
For those who know and think the most,
Are always *least* inclin’d to boast.”

THE CONCEITED YOUNG OWL.

Alone in the gloom of an ivy-bush tower,
Dame Owl and her daughter pass’d many an hour
In dulness and torpour, in winking and blinking,
Which Miss ostentatiously call’d profound thinking.

The Owl was just taking her afternoon's doze,
When her daughter broke in on her pleasant repose;
Says she, "Is aught living, of man, beast, or fowl,
That at all can compare with a thoughtful young Owl?"

"Our neighbours, engag'd in the vulgar pursuits,
Adapted to birds of mean feather, and brutes,
All shun our acquaintance, unable, of course,
To join in our grave, scientific discourse.

"The Lark only soars up so high for her fun,
And never contemplates the path of the sun:
And as for the Nightingale, though she can squall,
She has no astronomical knowledge at all.

"She cannot distinguish the Crab from the Lion,
The tail of the Bear from the belt of Orion;
And yet she stays out every evening, by choice;
Poor thing! she's excessively vain of her voice.

"The Plover, though fond of the heath and the hill,
Yet never must boast of botanical skill;
There is not a weed on this ruin between us,
Of which he could tell you the species or genus.

"To account for the distance they keep (I have heard),
They say we're a dull and unsociable bird;
But the truth of it is, that our wisdom discerning,
They all feel afraid of our talents and learning.

“There’s something you know in our look so profound,
Our beaks are so pointed—our eyes are so round—
That air of nobility—grandeur and power,
No wonder they’re frighten’d at ivy-bush tower.

“But really, though none to our rank can pretend,
I should like, now and then, just to visit a friend ;
Though such early hours they usually keep,
That when we should see company, they are asleep.”

“My dear,” said the Owl (who was now wide awake)
“I fear you are under a little mistake ;
Though shunn’d by our neighbours, I often suspect,
’Tis more from contempt and dislike, than respect.

“Our life is secluded, by all ’tis allow’d,
But some call us stupid, and all think us proud :
For when people keep so much out of the way,
’Tis often because they have nothing to say.

“We think ourselves wise, but some folks doubt our
sense,
And think it conceit, and a solemn pretence ;
So all that we get by our grandeur and power,
Is living alone in this ruinous tower.”

THE ILL-NATURED SCHOOL-FELLOW.

“Our school, Mamma, would be delightful,
If Jonas Clerk were not so spiteful :
He’s always telling stories, mother,
To make us quarrel with each other ;
And every day he seems intent
To get us blame and punishment.
With nobody he will agree,
And all avoid his company.”

“I’m very much concern’d to hear,
Such a bad character, my dear :
May you, from his example, learn
Such mean contrivances to spurn ;
Such wicked children all forsake,
Like the envenom’d Rattlesnake.”

THE RATTLESNAKE.

The Rattlesnake spreads gloom and fear,
And desolation wide ;
For none can ever venture near,
Where he is known to hide.

His prey, where'er he shows his head,
Prepares for death or battle ;
None are so bold as not to dread
The terror of his rattle.

Only the Vulture waves her wing*
Athwart his gloomy way ;
She heeds not his envenom'd sting,
But seeks her favourite prey.

A savage, melancholy mood,
His dreary state expresses ;
A wild and gloomy solitude,
Is all that he possesses.

Why is he shunn'd by all that lives,
And fear'd by every creature ?
'Tis for the cruel death he gives—
The venom of his nature.

THE EVENING WALK.

As we to-day have all been good,
We go this evening to the wood ;

* The certain death which ensues from the bite of this animal, makes a solitude wherever it appears ; but the vulture, no way terrified by the rattle, hastens at this signal, to seize the snake, as its most favourite food.

And there, amid the shade, you know,
Those pretty bells and cowslips grow :
Beneath the shady chesnut tree
We'll make a fire and have our tea ;
And then Mamma, if she is able,
Will tell us all a pretty fable.
And now, I hope, she'll think of one
To make a little sport and fun !
About a fox, I like the best,
And that I know will please the rest.

Well, then, to-night I'll try and find
A fable quite to Charles's mind ;
That's neither grave nor melancholy,
Nor aim'd at any little folly ;
And as you like a merry jest,
Æsop and I will do our best.

THE FOX AND THE HEN.

One night, a Fox the woods forsook,
About old Robin's farm to look :
Within the hen-house see him crawl,
Through a sly crevice in the wall.
With slow and cautious step he creeps,
And into every corner peeps ;
With greedy eye he looks about,
To find the ducks and chickens out :

Impatient for his nice repast,—
And casting up his eyes at last,
With eager pleasure there he sees
A young hen roosting at her ease.
But now to gain this dainty prize,
He must some stratagem devise.
The perch so high—the wall so steep,
He knows 'twould be in vain to leap;
And so contriv'd a better way
To seize his unsuspecting prey.
In tones of high condolence then,
He soon address'd the sleepy hen:

“Dear, Mistress Hen,” (he thus beset her,)
“I hear you're ill—I hope you're better:
I fear'd the worst, and came in search;
They even said, you kept your perch.
Do tell me how you fare and feel:
I hope they give you barley-meal.
Much may be done by keeping quiet,
With change of air, and proper diet.
I have a little skill myself,
(You know I do not come for pelf)
But vex'd to hear you were so fond
Of those *quack* doctors in the pond,
I come to examine what your state is,
And offer my prescriptions gratis.”

“I never *quack*,” (exclaim'd the *Hen*)

(Says he) “try my prescriptions then;

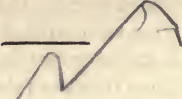
There's none, you'll find, so quickly eases
Chickens and ducks of their diseases ;
At once I free them from their pain,
So that they never more complain.
But, oh ; from such high seats preserve us,
Enough to make a lion nervous :
Come down, without delay, and then
I'll feel your pulse, my pretty Hen ;
I'm sure you've got a little fever,
Do pray come down," said the deceiver.

The hen his cunning plainly saw,
And did not mean to trust his paw ;
For well she knew that Doctor Fox
Was no true friend to fowls or flocks.
Some doctors kill or cure, they say,
But Foxes kill or run away :
She, therefore, from her roost on high,
Thus thank'd him for his courtesy.

" Kind Sir, I own your friendly care,
In coming through the evening air,
To see a helpless invalid ;—
I take it very kind indeed.
But, Sir, I fear 'twould not be right,
To leave my nest so late at night ;
Nor am I fit to hold a parley—
Just now I took three grains of barley,
By the advice of Doctor Duck ;
I thought I could but try my luck.
I don't like quacks, I must confess,

But Doctor Duck has great success :
He goes upon the modern plan—
Quite a self-educated man.
The doctor charged me not to stir,
And therefore you'll excuse me, Sir ;
The flight would take away my breath,
I think it would be certain death."

The Fox retir'd—bewail'd his luck,
And vow'd revenge on Doctor Duck.



SOPHIA'S ALARM.

"OH ! dear Mamma, I have had such a shock,
I found a spider crawling up my frock !
I tremble still, I was in such a fright,
Spiders, you know, have poison in their bite."

"O ! Sophy, what a silly tale to bring,
A spider is a very harmless thing ;
There's no occasion for the least alarm,
The insect cannot do you any harm.
The other day you laughed at Jane, you know,
Because a toad was crawling on her toe :
Such false alarms, my dear, recall to me
A fable I will tell you after tea."

THE FRIENDLY CONFERENCE.

A Beetle, an Ear-wig, a Spider, and Toad,
All chanc'd to be journeying on the same road,
And mounting a mole-hill, the prospect to view,
They rested awhile, as most travellers do.

They happened that morning to turn their discourse
To man, and the evils of which he's the source.
Alas! (they exclaimed) our sad cause of complaint
Is out of the reach of all language to paint.

How many the species that creep and that crawl,
But among them, we are the worst treated of all!
There's even the wasp, though his venom is sure,
Has less persecution than we to endure.

"Why now, (said the Beetle,) pray tell me if I
Am not quite as well dress'd as the gay Butterfly?
Although she is flatter'd and courted by those
Who hunt a poor Beetle wherever he goes.

Her dress, in the summer, is airy and light,
But, in winter, she is such a terrible fright!
For my part, I like to be all of a piece:
I would not put on such a dowdy pelisse.

If they would but examine my drapery too,
My coat would be found of a changeable blue;
And some have acknowledged, the tints I disclose,
Are like my green cousin's, who lives in the rose."

"Your case (says the Ear-wig) we all much deplore,
But surely my own is the worst of the four:
As I and my kindred are all in disgrace,
From a slander that long has attach'd to our race.

Men say we creep into their ears, though the fact is,
We are most unjustly accus'd of the practice:
I'll tell you the story, as far as it goes,
From which this report of our species arose.

As one of our fathers (who dwelt in a fig)
Was making the tour of a gentleman's wig,
He happen'd to come to a cavernous hole,
About eighty degrees and a half from the *pole*.

A spirit of enterprise led him to brave
The dangers attending the sight of the cave;
And so he descended, new wonders to seek,
As others may do in the Derbyshire Peak.

Of what he discover'd, I vainly should strive
To give a description—more dead than alive,
At last he got out,—and you now may be sure,
We always avoid it in making the tour."

O! dear, (said the Toad, when he came to an end)
What an ill-natured world do we live in, my friend!
They cannot on Ear-wigs more calumny load,
Then what has been said of the innocent Toad.

You know I am partial to living alone,
Spending most of my time in the shade of a stone:
And why I'm abused and molested for ever,
I never could tell, though I often endeavour.

"I've not many personal charms, I allow;
(My friends, I'm not fishing for compliments now);
But yet it does vex me to hear them maintain,
As they do, that I am so *excessively* plain."

"Alas!" said the Spider, "my pleasant abode
Is no less molested than your own, Mister Toad;
Yet allow me to hint—for I think it my duty—
You and I have no need to be vain of our beauty.

"Do, pray, let them laugh at our colour and shape
As long as they please, if they let us escape;
And what if they talk of our venomous bite?
My dear neighbour Toad, it is nothing but spite.

"'Tis strange, to be sure, we should still have to
stand

Such treatment as this in a civilized land;
But being thus injur'd, we now may be able
To make our case public, by printing this fable.

ROSE'S MISTAKE.

"Mamma, the people think it odd, no doubt,
That in this frightful hat I walk about.
Last night, when we were out, I saw them stare :
You must afford a new one, I declare."

"My dear, it makes me laugh to hear you talk ;
I'm sure no one observ'd us in our walk.
Pray do not fret about it any more :
I dare say no one saw the hat you wore.
'Tis silly vanity I cannot bear,
To think that people notice what we wear.
Poor little child ! so every foolish elf
Thinks nothing so important as itself ;
Why, you remind me, with your frightful hat,
Of Æsop's fable of the Bull and Gnat."

THE GNAT AND THE BULL.

A Gnat had been playing, as oft she had done,
And singing her song in a beam of the sun,
Till, being fatigued with her dance in the air,
She wish'd to be home in the hedge to repair.

Her nearest way there was, this evening, to pass
Across a wide meadow of newly-mown grass,



Rosa's Mistake.



Where, just a Bull was about to repose,
Miss Gnat, most presumptuously, lit on his nose.

Says she : " Mr. Bull, you will not think it rude
That I venture, in this friendly way, to intrude ;
I'm greatly fatigued with the heat of the day,
And, therefore, have call'd on your nose by the way.

" It is a late hour, and it must be confess'd
That to pay such a visit I'm shockingly dress'd :
I know, Mr. Bull, I'm not fit to be seen
Among all the company here on the green.

" A butterfly beau, who was hearing me sing,
Has shaken his powder, and dusted my wing ;
And the beams, at this season, you know, are so full,
I hope you'll excuse it, my dear Mr. Bull."

The Bull most politely replied, as he sat :

" Indeed you are welcome, my charming Miss Gnat :
At any time, when you're inclined for a doze,
I beg that you'll feel quite at home on my nose.

" For as to the weight of your body, my dear,
Believe me, I should not have known you were here ;
And whether you're drest as a beau or a belle,
I could not, without a good microscope, tell.

" I beg you will rest here whenever you please,
Nor offer such needless excuses as these ;
'Tis no inconvenience, because you're so small,
I scarcely can feel you or see you at all.

SOPHIA'S REQUEST.

“ My dear mamma, I wish you'd hark,
I do so want to keep a lark !
'Twould sing so sweetly all day long,
And wake me with its early song.”

“ Well, Sophy, when *my* song you've heard,
We'll talk again about the bird ;
And you to me shall then explain
Whether your thoughts the same remain.”

THE LARK TO HIS MISTRESS.

Ah ! why such care, my little lady,
To make my nest so cool and shady ?
For, let you do whate'er you will,
It is a dismal prison still.

I chirp no thanks, though you're so good,
And furnish me with daily food,
And though with tender care you bring
The cooling waters from the spring.

Yet, might I change this dreary plight,
I'd carol on from morn to night ;
But here I cannot gaily sing,
A prison's such a dismal thing !

I'm not expos'd to stormy weather—
I need not have a ruffled feather;
Yet would I quit this shelter'd nest,
And let the winds assail my breast.

For once, amid the leafy trees,
I lov'd the rustling of the breeze;
And still my captive heart aspires
To break these gloomy prison wires.

Once, when the night its course had run,
I sung to hail the rising sun;
But now I view the sun with pain,
And strike my quiv'ring wings in vain.

Dear mistress, if you love me so,
Unbar the door, and let me go!
And then a happy, grateful peal,
Shall tell you how a bird can feel.

THE FOOLISH DISPUTE.

What means this altercation that I hear?
Rose and Sophia both disturb'd appear.
I fear, indeed, 'tis shame that makes you mute;
Well, then, I heard the subject in dispute,

And am surpris'd, as well as griev'd, to find
Such childish vanity possess your mind.
I hope the fable which I now shall read
Will make you very much ashamed, indeed :
The vanity of flies and worms must strike
As odious and ridiculous alike.

THE BUTTERFLY'S LAW-SUIT.

Pray tell me why the Butterfly,
With the Dragon-fly's at war ;
The case, they say, will be heard to-day,
In a solemn court of law.

Their rancorous hate is of ancient date,
And grows worse every day ;
But now will the laws decide the cause,
In an equitable way.

The contest has brew'd a violent fued,
Throughout the insect race ;
And a Bee of wit to-day will sit,
And hear and settle the case.

Fearing the weather, they met together
Within a hollow tree ;
And there was a stone, to serve as a throne,
For my lord chief justice Bee.

Now the court has met, and the judge is set,
The jurors all are nam'd;
The attentive band in order stand,
And silence is proclaim'd.

Then Counsellor Leech commenc'd his speech,
And open'd the notable cause;
He said, that his client, they all might rely on't,
Was worthy of their applause.

The plaintiff in court has always been thought
T' excel in feminine grace;
And her only claim, is to bear her name,
As queen of the insect race.

Now a bold Dragon-fly has refus'd to comply,
And the title disputes with fury;
But I have not a fear how the case will appear,
To the gentlemen of the jury.

We have to implore the court to restore
Her true and rightful claim;
As, from time out of mind, in old records you'll find,
Her ancestors bore the same.

Both she and her heirs, the title she bears,
Can always prove to be just;
As you, my lord Bee, by the statute may see,
In the Twentieth of George the First,

When he came to a close, Serjeant Hornet arose,
His eloquence all must admire;
'Twas a livelier speech than from Counsellor Leech,
For his words were the words of fire.

In the Dragon-fly's cause he won the applause
Of all the learned court;
With a skilful aim, the Butterfly's claim
He wittily turn'd to sport.

He mention'd her wing as a tawdry thing,
While his client's was delicate gauze;
But 'twas useless so late to prolong the debate,
As he surely must win the cause.

His turn being come, with a solemn hum,
The learned judge arose;
He said, this debate was insulting the state,
And ordered the case to close.

He said, that affairs more important than theirs,
Should occupy their thought;
But that belles and beaus, and their furbelows,
Were quite beneath the court.

If the cause to be tried had been to decide,
Which Fly does most for the state,
The court and the laws had decided the cause,
And ended this debate.

So in shame and disgrace they withdraw from the place,

And thus their suit is lost;

But not to proclaim their mutual shame,

Each party pays his cost.

ROSE IS VAIN.

Do I not often see with pain,

That you, my little Rose, are vain;

By other's failings you may see

How disagreeable it must be.

What affectation may be seen

In that poor child, Eliza Green!

Always contriving some invention,

To strike and to attract attention.

A simple child, who seems at ease,

And does her best to serve and please,

Will never fail that love to gain,

Which affectation seeks in vain.

For those are always most admir'd,

Who are most humble and retir'd :

The Swan had never known disgrace,

If she had kept her proper place.

THE VAIN SWAN.

A Swan swam in a silver lake,
And gracefully swam the Swan;
Her plumage was as the snowy flake,
As soft she glided on.

Slowly she sail'd in stately pride,
Her neck did proudly wave;
And as she went, the lucid tide
Her graceful image gave.

Thus, as she passes on in state,
And all admiring stand,
She wishes it had been her fate
To be beheld on land.

Soon to the bank she sails away,
And quickly gains the shore;
There all her graces to display;
But praise she hears no more.

Her awkward waddle, and her stoop,
She hears them all deride;
Her wings of snow now humbly droop,
Nor waves her neck with pride.

Alas ! and did I wish to roam,
Thus to be scorn'd (she said),
And leave my pleasant wat'ry home,
And shady osier bed.

I'll never more its shade forsake,
To be derided here ;
But, gliding on the silver lake,
Keep in my proper sphere.

ROSE CORRECTED.

Rose, did I hear that silly speech from you,
That ladies have not anything to do ?
'Tis true you're not obliged to earn your bread,
As by kind parents you are cloth'd and fed ;
But indolence no station can excuse,
As time is given us to employ and use,
And those who have most leisure ought to try
What they can do their neighbours to supply.
They who are rich have also time to spare ;
Therefore the poor are their peculiar care.
But look around, my dear, and you will see
Incessant calls on time and industry :

Instruct the ignorant, and clothe the poor,
And feed the hungry from your ample store.
Thus let your days in usefulness be past,
That you may give a good account at last.

THE DISCONTENTED ANT.

One fine summer's day a young Ant was complaining
And even the order of nature arraigning :

“What a poor creeping creature,” she murmured
“am I !

Why had I not wings, like my neighbour the Fly ?

“To buzz all the day in the sun's golden beam,
Or gaily dance over a murmuring stream,
Is better than being confin'd to the land,
And crawling all day over pebbles and sand.

“While thus I'm pursuing my wearisome track,
With the dust in my eyes, and a load on my back,
That pert little fellow regards me with scorn—
As much as to say, he's a gentleman born.

“Nor am I the richer for all I can get,
But see it stor'd up by a covetous set,
Who take my hard earnings, and send me again,
Without even waiting to hear me complain.”

So thus she went grumbling along every day,
While the bright summer season was passing away;
'Till winter approaching, she gladly went down,
For shelter and food, to the garrison town.

Now daily she fed on the common repast,
Which the little republic supplied to the last;
But when the warm breezes had melted the snow,
She ventured once more from her covert to go.

But oh! what a scene was immediately spread!
She trampled on heaps of the dying and dead;
And these were the flies she had envied before,
Now perish'd, for want of a provident store.

They foolishly squander'd the best of their hours
In dancing in sunbeams, and resting on flowers.
The Ant felt the moral this story conveys,
And resolved to work hard all the rest of her days.

PRIDE REPROVED.

This fable, Philip Sandy, is for you,
So I've contrived to place it in your view.
Indeed, my boy, I do not love to chide,
But it is painful to observe such pride:

E'en to the young companions of your play,
 You still will boast you're nobler born than they.
 Think when you're lying in the churchyard earth
 What will avail your vaunted noble birth.
 You know, in Holy Scriptures, we are taught
 To look upon ourselves with lowly thought;
 In the poor man we should behold a brother,
 And better than ourselves esteem another.

THE SUNFLOWER AND MARIGOLDS.

A proud Sunflower tall,
 That high o'ertopp'd them all,
 Grew on a bed of humble Marigolds :
 His heart so fill'd with pride,
 That still he would deride
 All that he lower than himself beholds.

To see the vile pot-herbs
 His dignity disturbs :
 "I am descended from the sun," cried he ;
 "Do I not bear his name,
 And therefore share his fame ?
 Surely you might a proper distance see.

"Alas ! 'tis true that I
 Must bear you company :
 The silly gard'ner plac'd us much too near.
 Why boast you're *useful* found ?
 I hate the vulgar sound,
 Does that, pray, make *gentility* appear ?"

A Marigold replies :

“Why do you us despise ?

And wherefore make such boast, proud flow'r,
we pray ?

For are we not, like you,

Rob'd in a golden hue,

And imitate the sun, with pointed ray ?

“We own the name you bear

Does very grand appear ;

But when at length your splendid course is run,

With weeds you'll rot away,

And on some dung-heap lay,

While all forget you're named from the bright
sun.”

CHARLES IS INATTENTIVE.

“I would your heart, my Charles, with goodness fill,

And in your mind each virtuous thought instil.

Why, then, neglectful of my tender care,

Nor longer strive your mother's love to share ?

She who would keep your infant years secure,

And guard from ills which heedless boys endure ;

Yet from my fond advice you turn away,

And fill your giddy thoughts with foolish play.

But come—that serious look much good portends ;

I see my boy and I once more are friends.

Well, I've a fable, made I think for you,
For the young Fawn is wild and careless too."

"O! tell it me, mamma, and you shall see
I will so still and so attentive be."

THE CARELESS FAWN.

A Hind, that cropp'd the flow'ry lawn,
Had by her side a darling Fawn.
In him was centered all her care,
For well she wished her child to rear;
To make him swifter than the wind—
To leave or horse or dog behind.
She daily tells of num'rous foes,
That chase the stag where'er he goes;
Or keepers fell; or, worse than they,
The blood-hounds fierce, and beasts of prey—
Of cruel man, that hunts him long,
And makes his death a jovial song.
Cautions like these she would instil,
To guard her child from every ill;
And chief forbade him not to stray
Beyond the park, where danger lay.
Yet for her son oft grieved was she
A wild and careless Fawn was he:
Yet seemed he not to vice inclined,
His greatest fault, a vagrant mind.

And many a time, with tears, she strove
His thoughts to fix—his heart to move.
He hearkened not to what she said,
But played with flies around his head;
Or chased the leaf along the ground,
Or for his tail skipped round and round.
Now such a Fawn, no wonder he
Should fall into bad company.
And so it was—a Fox, vile knave!
A wicked bribe a poacher gave;
That he among the deer would get,
And silly Fawns tempt to his net.
This fawn, the Fox's cunning glance
Had marked, and meets, as if by chance;
And well he played the tempter's part,
His tricks soon gained the wild thing's heart.
He tells of distant fields so fair,
Wonders his friend has not been there.
How could a lively Fawn endure
To be confined in park secure?
Where, of his age, could one be found,
That had not leaped its highest bound?
Ah! in green meads we'll play awhile,
No snares can there our feet beguile.
Your mother has too much alarm,
For fear that you should come to harm;
But sure I know, as well as she,
Where dog or snare is like to be.
In darkest nights, I dare to roam,
And venture many a mile from home;
And nothing e'er obstructs my way,

Then, what have you to fear, I pray ?”
Thus, his discourse and wily tongue
Tempt the young fawn to what is wrong ;
So the poor thing consents to go,
Just down the pleasant vale below.
Away, as if before the hounds,
They fleetly run to gain the bounds ;
Which scarce the Fox, with all his power,
Can clear—the Fawn he bounded o’er.
Adown the hill he skips along,
Or frisks the yellow broom among :
His nimble feet scarce bend the fern,
He feels his heart with pleasure burn ;
His mother’s words regards he not,
Her precepts wise are all forgot.
Thus, through gay paths was he betrayed,
To where the fatal snare was laid.
Ah ! now, he’s caught—and loud his cries
Bespeak his bitter agonies.

“ Why did I leave my mother’s side,
To stray with this perfidious guide ?
Had I been wise, I might have seen
Your crafty and deceitful mien :
May you no other Fawn, like me,
Deceive with cunning treachery.”

“ What !” said the Fox, “ it is your shame
To fall in snares—am I to blame ?
So, friend, good day ; I greatly fear
The wicked poacher may be near.”

But, as he turned, he felt a blow,
Given by a hoof, which laid him low.
It was the mother gave the blow—
The mother's foot that laid him low.
Long had she sought her wandering child,
Through thorny brakes and dingles wild ;
As she in grief was passing by,
She heard her son in sorrow cry.
With all the speed e'er mother made,
She flew, her dying Fawn to aid ;
And, first, the Fox her vengeance felt,
For quick her hoof his death-blow dealt.
She soon contrived her child to free :
Again he feels his liberty.
He promised her no more to roam,
But to obey, and stay at home.

COUSIN HENRY'S VISIT.

My dearest boys, it gives me great delight
To hear your cousin Henry comes to-night :
Only from quarrels he is seldom free,
And with his playmates never can agree ;
For when at school, there scarcely comes a day,
But this sad restless boy excites some fray.
Though, if in quarrels forced to take a part,
He has not shown the most courageous heart.

Yet future good might Henry still attend,
If he should see his faults, and strive to mend :
Therefore, to-night around the fire we'll draw,
And you shall read the fable of the Daw.

THE QUARRELSOME DAW.

Far up the cliff's tall, rugged side,
Some Daws had long possession had :
These rocks, which rose above the tide,
With shrubs and small green trees were clad.

Here, undisturbed, their nests long stood,
And, with their young, sweet peace had been ;
But one cross bird, among their brood,
Promoting quarrels oft was seen.

They chase each other on the wing,
And, whirling o'er, plumb down they go ;
With pinions bent, now up they spring,
Now skim the air in motion slow.

But this, their play, the wicked daw,
To interrupt took much delight :
Contrived them into broils to draw,
And their dispute end in a fight.

The first was he to set them on,
And praised the skill the champions used ;
But was himself a mere poltroon,
And did not like his own sides bruised.

Yet bragged so much, and talked of wars,
And the disgrace all cowards merit ;
That he was praised among the Daws,
Who thought he was a bird of spirit.

Once boasting, he on some prevailed,
To venture far a-field for food ;
When they were by some Rooks assailed,
Who threat the Daws with war and blood.

But, oh ! their captain, where was he ?
The braggart bold, he now had fled ;
When blows he heard were like to be,
He turned, and back in terror sped.

Now feathers thick about them lie ;
The field, 'tis said, was dearly bought ;
Their enemies they drove away ;
Their leader fled, yet brave they fought.

Now back return'd, with conquest crown'd,
They sought the Daw that fled the fight ;
The coward in a hole they found,
And dragg'd their captain forth to light !

Loudly his famous deeds they tell :
Even the young ones at him shout :
Next from the crowd they him expel,
And now alone he sneaks about.

Thus he a fine example proves
To all who are to strife inclin'd ;
Caution to him who discord loves,
And curb to him of fiery mind.

Among them broils no more we hear,
For no one dares the gauntlet throw :
Courage, they think, will best appear,
To guard their nests 'gainst Rook or Crow.

EDWARD TEASES A HELPLESS BOY.

“O! mother, we have had such fun,
I'll tell you what the boys have done ;
There's William Grove, who lov'd to rule,
And be the first in all the school ;
Altho' he is so stout and tall,
And quite the biggest boy of all,
The very smallest he would strike,
Which brought upon him our dislike.
Yet dar'd we not our hatred show,
Because he was so strong, you know.
But he has got a fine reward,
For down he fell in the play-yard ;

By which he sprain'd his ancle so,
That he is lame, and cannot go :
So we have never ceas'd all day
To tease and mock him in our play."

"Then you have been a naughty boy—
How could you such a play enjoy ?
You know, you ever must refrain
From sport that gives another pain.
I hope in you no malice lies,
For we must love our enemies ;
And good for evil to return,
A lesson is that you must learn :
Besides, my Edward, 'tis a shame
To take advantage of the lame.
But this misconduct I will try
In fable to exemplify.

THE OWL AND OTHER BIRDS.

It is a moonlight night,
The Owl has left her tow'r ;
She loves its soften'd light—
She loves the midnight hour.

Loud hoots her dismal song,
For the departed day ;
And, in the woods among,
Is seeking her small prey.

The careless, sleeping birds,
Or mouse, will be her food :
No hooting now disturbs
The silence of the wood.*

But vain she prowls around ;
No meal has she enjoy'd ;
No tempting morsel found,
To fill the craving void.

The night was on the wane,
The star of morning rose ;
Yet she could nothing gain,
And fierce her hunger grows.

She wanders all the night,
And yet she finds no prey ;
Or in the dim twilight,
Or in the morning grey.

The sun now gilds the sky,
Still she is on the wing ; †
Nor heeds her dazzled eye,
For hunger's pangs now sting.

* Their hooting is never heard when after their prey.

† It sometimes happens that obeying the dictates of appetite, rather than of prudence, they continue their researches until broad day breaks in upon them, and leaves them dazzled and bewildered, and unable to trace their way back.

The growing light of day
She can no longer bear;
Yet how to find her way,
All blinded by the glare.

Oh! for a shady bower,
Or hollow of a tree;
Or her own ruin'd tower,
Where she at peace might be.

Now whither could she fly?
At last, she thought to hide
Close in a thick hedge nigh,
And there, 'till night, abide.

But soon there spread alarms,
The Owl she was abroad;
The birds are up in arms,
As if with one accord.

The Black-bird, Thrush, and Jay,
As strongest, head the rest;
But no small birds away,
Or Swallow, or Red-breast.

And now are heard their cries;
The uproar now begins;
Each to insult her tries;
They flap her with their wings.

The Owl can see no foe :
Dizzy she turns her head ;
And stooping bends her low,
With her broad wings outspread.

But nothing will avail,
She is but more their scorn ;
Their malice does not fail,
But patiently is borne.

They whirl around her head,
The clamour grows more strong ;
And as the hours fled,
More numerous was the throng.

The clouds of night appear,
The Owl springs from the fence ;
They fly, all wild with fear ;
Where's now their insolence ?

Ah ! they repent them sore,
That they have teas'd her so ;
And promise never more
To insult a fallen foe.

She caught the foremost bird,
His struggles were in vain ;
His distant cries were heard,
But none saw him again.

PART II.

TALES AND FABLES IN VERSE.

Animals are always able
To hold discourse, at least in fable;
They whom truth and wisdom lead,
Can gather honey from a weed.

COWPER.

PLATE II.

THE TWO LAKES OF JAPAN.

THE TWO LAKES OF JAPAN.
A. D. 1854. No. 1. 1/2
The two lakes of Japan.
A. D. 1854. No. 1. 1/2

PART II.

TALES AND FABLES IN VERSE.

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TALES AND FABLES IN VERSE.

THE GOSSIPING GOOSE.

A gossiping Goose, who to market had been,
Met a friend from the opposite side of the green ;
So she talked of the weather, of this thing and the other,
Enquired of her health, and that of her mother :
Of Gander goose green, told the scandal and news,
And did for some minutes her friend much amuse,
When she suddenly cried—" But I'm in a fright,
" Quite well convinced all at home is not right ;
" I met our old enemy Renard, just now,
" I meant merely in passing to give him a bow,
" For I think it is better to be something civil,
" Or he may be malicious and do us more evil :
" But he would chat a little, just as he said
" To know if my marketing all was now made.
" He asked did I mean to rest by the way,
" How many more visits I might have to pay.
" I trembled all over from very alarm,
" I am certain, dear friend, he meant me some harm.

“ Well, home I must haste to relieve my poor mind;
“ I pray that my goslings all safe I may find :
“ ’Twas a frequented road, yet well he might see
“ I was not quite myself in his bad company.
“ When Renard looks pleased, we must be on our guard,
“ I wish I was snugly at home in the yard.
“ Yes, when Renard is pleased, let us look to our brood;
“ Now there are our neighbours, at the edge of the wood;
“ And the cropple crown duck, that we all think so wise
“ Why the fox took *him* in, to our no small surprise.
“ The story is tedious, but yet you must hear,
“ It will not keep you waiting much longer, my dear ;
“ ’Twas a tale full of wonder, yet she knew a still
 stranger,
“ She forgot her poor goslings, and their pressing
 danger.”

“ Mrs. Goose,” cried her friend, “ to your home quickly
 haste

In chatting and gossip, the moments you waste ;
For while you’re indulging this talkative fit
Your children may prove for the Fox a tit bit.”

“ Yes I *must* hasten homewards, what you say is
 most true,
But what was I, my friend, remarking to you?
Oh! this I was thinking, no fear I shall lose,
The title I’ve gained of the gossiping Goose
I am wasting my time, or I would explain,
How first I obtain’d that ridiculous name,

'Twas all envy and malice, but the history's long,
 And you know I my absence wish not to prolong:
 Now, had I the time, there is much I could say,
 Could elucidate much—do you know, by the way,
 When folks are surprised and look with much wonder,
 Why they say they resemble a poor duck in thunder?"
 She would have talk'd thus till the day had declined,
 When lo! a loud cackling is heard on the wind;
 She looks all aghast—her heart dies within her,
 She remembers once more the old Fox's dinner:
 When on the road, swiftly before her he flies,
 With his prey in his mouth, 'twas her own gosling's
 cries;

Think now of her horror, her shame, and her grief,
 She *knew* of its danger, might have brought it relief,
 But in gossip and folly had wasted the time,
 Now, how deeply lamented the poor Goose her crime:
 Long she lay in a fainting fit by the road-side
 Her friends and her neighbours all thought she had
 died.

I pray none of my readers the example may lose,
 Or tattle again like the gossiping Goose.

THE ROBBER WASP.

AVARICE.

A Bee was loudly humming
 As he buzz'd a flower around;
 "I've noble barns and store-rooms,
 What sweets may there be found.

“ ’Tis pleasant to be wealthy,
And count our riches o’er :
My children, nor their children
Can ne’er, no ne’er be poor.

“ From the earliest crocus
To the latest flower,
I gather wealth in plenty ;
I’m richer every hour.

“ With stores so vast and mighty
No ill can me betide :”
Thus mused he o’er his treasure,
His bosom fill’d with pride.

A Wasp was hovering near him,
Upon the wing for prey ;*
And marks the bunch of roses,
Where the Bee reposing lay

Example good for avarice,
Will prove this wealthy Bee :
The thief has got the honey-bag,
And nearly dead is he.

* Though the Wasp can gather no honey of its own, no insect is fonder of sweets ; it will pursue the Bee and Humble Bee, destroy them with its sting, and plunder them of their honey-bag, with which it flies triumphantly loaded to its nest to regale its young.

With treasures so deep laden
He could not fight or fly ;
He fell unto the robber bold
An easy victory.

THE SATIRICAL MONKEY.

A Monkey perch'd on a tree some yards from the
ground,
Look'd around him to see whom his malice might
wound,
He'd an ill-natur'd turn, and mistaking the matter,
He thought all the world entertained at his chatter ;
He call'd it hoaxing his friends, but every one knows
He thus only joked when screen'd from his foes.
A Bear near the spot was to be now the joke,
In a voice of condolence—Pug thus pertly spoke :

“ I say, my dear friend, my affectionate Bruin,
Is it true you have danc'd yourself nearly to ruin ;
That your Greenland estates are all out at nurse
And you're most alarmingly low in the purse.
Indeed, it is hinted, I hope without cause,
That you're even reduc'd to sucking your paws.”
Then he laugh'd out so loudly the tall wood resounded,
For in grin and grimace his wit much abounded,

“But the joke’s not exhausted,” again shouted Pug,
“I say Bruin, how is it your friends you so HUG?
You so fondly embrace them, you squeeze out their
breath,
So, in fact, you may say, that you love them till
death.”

The Bear could no longer his anger restrain,
But cast on the wit a fierce look of disdain;
But a moment soon calm’d him—he made this reply:

“Remember not always the PERCH is so *high*:
But, poor wretch, do not tremble, you’re not in a
scrape,
For whoe’er was *hurt* at the *wit of an Ape*.”

THE BLIND MOLE.

“Oh! Mother,” exclaimed a pert little Mole,
“How stupid it is to live in this hole;
On my back a huge mountain of earth I have hurled
I’ll get to its summit, and peep at the world.

You persuade me I’m blind, but put to the test,
I dare say I could manage as well as the rest;
And *my* common place be as worth observation
As any, that gives the world information.

“Of the ‘strangers abroad,’ I will be the most noted,
And the ‘Mole-hills and Moles’ shall be oftenest
quoted ;

For, I’ll publish, I vow, though my views are not sordid,
But my name must be known, and my volume applauded.

“The critics, no doubt, will be venting their spleen,
And pretend all I saw was indeed dimly seen;
And my travelled experience affect to deride,
And hint, those that follow me have a blind guide.

“But truly, my mother, you cannot well tell
I’m blind or clear-sighted, in this narrow cell ;
You contrive to shut out every glimmer of light,
Then you wish me to think it is weakness of sight.”

“My child,” says the Mother, “you are wisely confined,
For, groping in darkness, who knows you are blind ;
But were you exposed to the brightness of day,
Your blindness to all who observe you’d betray.”

[The eyes of the Mole are so minute that many have doubted whether they were intended for distinct vision, or only to afford the animal so much sensibility of the approach of light, as sufficiently to warn it of the danger of exposure. Dr. Derham, however, with a microscope, plainly discovered all the parts of the eye known in other animals.]

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE FIRE.

All by the side of a lonely brake
Some gipsies had kindled a fire.
A Butterfly chanced that way to take,
And he thought he would rest on the half-burnt
stake ;
“For,” said he, “long journeys tire.”

These fine painted flies are but silly things,
To be taught, they're too trifling and vain.
Senseless fool as he was, to the wood he clings ;
'Twas very well he but singed his wings,
And was able to fly, but with pain.

Now vows he revenge in a wonderful rage,
The foe he would meet in fight ;
But how the threatened war could he wage ?
How the terrible monster engage ?
No, the law should do him right.

It is neither labour nor cost I will spare—
I'll conduct the thing with spirit.
So, having pen'd his case with care,
He thought to a counsellor he would repair,
Whom he knew, a person of merit.

Ivy barn was the chambers of counsellor Owl,
And instantly thither he flies.
At study he found the learned fowl—
His face half hid by his hooded cowl—
He winked, and blinked, and looked very wise.

He read the great cause with attention due,
But gave his thoughts no speech;
Then con'd it again in a second view.
At length his spectacles off he drew,
And he hem'd an important screech.

Then the sage bird said : "Thou foolish fly"—
And in solemn tone he spoke—
"Unless thou hast a desire to die,
The dangerous *flame* oh, come not nigh,
Approach not even the *smoke*."

THE GUARA BIRD.

"My dear Mamma ! I think I'm able,
As well as you, to write a fable ;
Much commendation Charles bestows,
And it has *quite delighted* Rose.
I think myself 'tis not amiss ;
Mamma, you will bestow a kiss."

“Indeed, my love, I’ll not refuse
To praise the offspring of your muse;
To what fault, dearest, are you able
To point the moral of your fable?”
“Why, no Mamma, I cannot say,
That my *own* foibles I display.
The other night, you know, we heard
Of the strange Guara bird,*
That, changing the colour of its plumes,
Five times new feathers it assumes;
The farther it’s advanced in years,
Finer and richer it appears.
I thought quite aptly might apply
To old Miss Mason’s finery!
Who dresses out in colours gay,
Though she’s so palsied, old, and grey.
The bird’s bright plumes of scarlet dye,
With her red mantle well may vie!”
“But, Lucy, though your satire’s keen,
Did nothing whisper it had been
Better applied if nearer home.
Come, my little satirist, come,
Read on *with care*, and we will try
What to *ourselves* we may apply.
I fear we have not far to look—
Turn but the pages of your book;

* The Guara Bird of Brazil, which the Europeans call the Sea Curlew, is surprising for its often changing its colour, being first black, then ash-coloured, next white, afterwards scarlet, and, lastly, crimson, which grows deeper and richer the longer the bird lives.

Feels my Lucy nothing loath
To read the history of the Sloth?*

Or, does she no instruction want
Of the Kamschatkan Cormorant.†

She who was sick the other day,
And could not with her schoolmates play—
We will not name the reason why,
Too well the Cormorant will apply.”

“Hush! hush! Mamma, I do implore;
Oh! not a sad example more.
Before I others teach, I see
I must myself more perfect be.
I'll be no satirist again—
I feel I've been both weak and vain—
I'll do what wisdom will require,
And throw my fable in the fire.”

* The Sloth requires an hour to advance three yards; when he has climbed a tree, he is so idle that to save the trouble of gradual descent, he rolls himself into a ball and falls on the ground with a horrid scream.

† There is a kind of Cormorant, found chiefly on the coast of Kamschatka. This is a sea bird, it flies slowly even when hungry, but when it has too much indulged its appetite it cannot raise itself from the ground.

THE CAT GOING FISHING.

Sleek Tabby Grimalkin was wondrously fond
Of reclining herself on the banks of a pond ;
There keenly she watched with her eager eye
The darts and the leaps of the finny fry ;
And she thought could she dive beneath the flood,
Oh, how delicious would be her food !
It were surely worth a seven days' fast ,
To have a dinner so dainty at last ;
So every day fancy made a regale,
And she eat up a fish from the head to the tail.
But though she enjoyed this exquisite dinner,
Poor Tabby's sleek sides grew thinner and thinner,
For obtaining her usual plentiful fare
Appear'd every hour less worthy her care :
Fat mice might gambol almost at her feet—
She would not condescend a mouse to eat.
But where was the use of thus idly wishing ?
It never would teach her the art of fishing.
She saw Gard'ner, resolved on fish to dine,
Lean over the stream with a hook and line ;
She thought, approaching a little nearer,
She might be enabled to see yet clearer.
Poor Puss ! how like mortal man thou art !
Blindly pursuing the wish of thy heart
On the things thou desired'st, so weakly intent.
But know, on destruction thou madly art bent !

She is pleased, and purs, and strikes out her paws,
And hopes she may hook a poor fish in her claws ;
Leaning over the brink, as the Gard'ner taught her,
Poor Puss tumbles head over heels in the water.

THE CUCKOO AND STARLING.

EGOTISM.

- A Cuckoo and Starling once met ;
From the city the Starling had flown.
“My dear friend,” young shallow-bill screamed,
“Of our melody what says the town ?”
“Do they much praise the Nightingale’s song ?”
“Truly all the town call him divine.”
“The Lark, too, is he in request ?”
“Why, I know folks of taste think him fine.”
“And the Blackbird, what say they of him ?”
“There’s many men’s praises hath he.”
“So, so—pray, another word more ;
Now, what doth the world say of me ?”
“Why, that’s what I cannot well tell,
So little I know of your fame ;
For whilst I resided in town,
I never once heard of your name.”

“How silly the ill-judging crowd!
Then this I’m resolved I will do;
From this hour I will speak of myself—
My note shall be ever *Cuckoo*!”

[From the German of Gillerk.]

THE ANTELOPE.

CURIOSITY.

The Antelope’s flying,
Her covert she’ll find;
She’s swift as the arrow,
She’s fleet as the wind.

The Wolf’s hungry howlings
No longer resound;
Her rapid flight slack’ning,
Her quick eyes glance round.

Oh! cruel destroyer!
No longer pursue,
And an object of wonder
Alone is in view.

In her young heart, so foolish,
Curiosity burns;
How strange this new object!
See—see—she returns.

Oh! speed thee still onward,
There's much yet to fear :
Oh! speed thee still onward,
For danger is near.

“Thou poor, simple creature,
What prize hast thou found ?
On what art thou gazing ?
What lies on the ground ?

“’Tis the wolf there low crouching,
And panting he lies ;
A few yards yet nearer,
And thou art his prize.

“His jaws are distended ;
Yet—yet—there’s retreat.
Haste—haste thee, thou wing’d one !
’Tis well thou art fleet.

“Oh! why dost thou linger ?
Why still turns thy head ?
’Twas but the past moment
Thou mightest have fled.

“Curiosity’s victim,
Alas! thou wilt be.
Farewell! wretched Antelope!
Farewell to thee!”

[This fleet and quick-sighted animal, it is said, is generally the victim of its curiosity; when it first sees the hunter it flies with great velocity; but if he lies on the ground and holds up

THE GRASSHOPPER AND WAGONER;
OR SELF-IMPORTANCE.

It chanced upon a summer's day,
A wagon, loaded high with hay,
Was ploughing through a sandy way,
When it stuck fast.

The driver swears at road and lane,
He cracked his whip, and cracked again;
But, finding all his efforts vain,
Stood quite aghast.

A Grasshopper, with heart of pride,
Who on the very top would ride,
Enjoyed the joke, and, laughing, cried :
“How great my weight !

his hat or anything, the Antelope returns on a light trot to look at the object, and will sometimes go and return two or three times, till it approach within reach of the rifle. The Wolves, it is said, have learned as well as man, to take advantage of the weakness of this innocent animal. They crouch down, and if the Antelope be frightened at first, the Wolf repeats the same manœuvre, and they sometimes relieve each other till they decoy it within their reach.—*Travels to the source of the Missouri River, by Captains Lewis and Clark.*]

“Hollo ! I say, good man, below,
Perhaps, my friend, you do not know
Why the wagon cannot go :
I am your freight.”

And off he hops, these proud words said ;
The horses a strong effort made,
And the wagon onward sped ;
Then Skipjack cries :

“Now, driver, friend, did I deceive ?
See ! how the horses I relieve !
But your thanks I’ll not receive.”
So off he hies.

[*From the German of Gillerk.*]

THE CHATTERING MAGPIE.

The cage of a Dove near a Magpie’s was hanging ;
A Pigeon, who all day heard Maggy harangueing,
Rejoiced with the prisoner in kind gratulation,
And told her she ought to think much of her station.
“Your neighbour declaims by the hour till she’s hoarse,
You must be the wiser by all her discourse.”
The Dove made reply—“’Tis all hubbub and clatter ;
I assure you no wisdom I find in the matter.

But as for you in the live long day
There are not hours enough for play,
Words by rote, it is true, she incessantly sputters,
Yet never one sentence of common sense utters;
Through the long hours you mention 'tis what's
o'clock, Mag ?'

I wish to my heart I could find her a gag.
The sun in the morn has scarcely uprose
When his odious chatter disturbs my repose,
To my poor harass'd nerves it gives quite a shock
To hear the same folly—'Mag, Mag, what's o'clock ?'
Less annoying to me were the clack of a mill,
Or the smith's clanging hammer that never is still,
Ah ! my friend in all grief under which you may labour
May you still be preserv'd from a talkative neighbour,
Sure this is a truth we may learn every day
That those talk the most, who the least have to say."

THE CARELESS KITTEN.

Mistress Pussy cat said to her child,
"Kitty, my dear, you must not be wild;
But I see what I say is of no avail
For now you're whisking after your tail:
Such tricks in me you never saw.
Perhaps I wash my face with my paw,
Or if of watching the mice I tire,
I stretch a little before the fire.

So little attention to me is not clear
Whether you know a mouse from a deer.
What means cats use their prey to snare
'Tis plain you neither know nor care,
Poor Kitty will starve I really dread
You'll never be able to get your bread."
"La! dear Mamma, now what can you mean,
Would you have me all day like a doremouse
dream?"

And she heeded not, but set off on an amble
Just with a straw, in her way to gambol.
So the time past on—and the day was come
When Kitty was taken from mother and home:
She was removed to a granary
Which she from rats and mice must free,
Now, had she follow'd her mother's advice
She might have had very good meals of mice.
But Kitty now grew thinner and thinner,
Not once in the barn could she gain a dinner;
And had she been kept a day or two more
She had starved outright—but seeing the door
At length unclos'd, she rushed out fleet
Nor stopp'd 'till she fell at her mother's feet:
"Mother, my dear wise mother, she cried,
Your foolish Kitty had nearly died;
Taught by misfortune, I now discern
That there are useful things to learn,
Believe me, mother, from this very day,
Not another hour I'll waste in play."
She kept her word and never again
Had Mistress Pussy cause to complain.

THE NERVOUS SPARROW.

DISCONTENT.

A Sparrow full of discontent
The live-long day in murmurs spent;
He would not hop, or chirp, or play,
So fell in quite a nervous way:
He would do nothing but complain,
Or twitter out some dismal strain.
A friend, who knew his spirits low,
Came once to chat an hour or so;
He asked him what his cause of grief,
And if he could afford relief.

"No," cried the Sparrow, "all is vain,
Nothing can mitigate my pain;
Sure I am 'tis not disease,
But all has lost its power to please.
Cities and towns are odious things:
Who'd stay in them if they had wings?
Nor do I much love field or heath—
Mop'd might a bird be there to death."
But most complained he of his birth,
A Sparrow was so little worth—
A Sparrow was a name of scorn.

"Oh! if I had been nobly born,

Proudly I'd mount into the sky :
No bird should he more blithe than I."

"Well," said the friend, "suppose you wander,
The King of Andes, like the Condor."*

"Ah! not *that* solitary thing,
Not even to become a king."

"Well, the lot may be preferred
Of that rare Arabian bird†
Who of frankincense and myrrh
Builds his costly sepulchre.
Are you content to share his fate?
Poets your name shall celebrate."

"Alas! my friend, how can you name
So sad a fate?—what! die in flame?
Indeed, the thought but only serves
To rack once more my shatter'd nerves."

* This astonishing bird, whose wings are said to extend fifteen feet across, is found solitary on the heights of mountains.

† The Phoenix, a fabulous bird of Arabia, is said to exist a century and then to expire in a funeral pile, self-constructed, composed of odoriferous woods and aromatic gums, from the ashes of which a new Phoenix arises.

“You will not then object to rise
A lovely bird of Paradise ‡—
Live in large flocks in spicy grove,
In all the grandeur that you love?”

“What, friend! to feed on morning dew?
I must have grains of barley too,
And always on the wing in air.
Oh, no—their lot I cannot share.”

“Perhaps you’d more contented be
If man paid more regard to thee?
Were you a Partridge, now, or Pheasant,
Haply your life would be more pleasant.”

“Ah me, my friend, don’t mention it;
It gives me quite an ague fit.
What! be roasted on a spit?”

Now gravely spoke the comforter,
And said: “Now one thing pray infer
From our discourse—that your sad fate
Is not so hard. In every state
He can some dire misfortune find
Who hath a *discontented mind*.”

‡ Whatever is rare and beautiful is sure to give rise to fiction, some have described the Bird of Paradise as an inhabitant of the air, only living on the dew of Heaven, and never resting on the earth.

THE FOX AND THE ASS.

MISAPPLIED TALENTS.

A vicious young Fox of satire was full,
Because a poor Ass looked heavy and dull :
“Friend,” he cries, “thou’rt the flattest thing under
the sun,
Be like me, now—all wit, animation, and fun.

“My *mots* and my *jeux-d’esprit* always are cited,
And every gay circle with me is delighted ;
A master in stratagem, plot, and pretence,
I suit all ‘around me, because I’ve more sense.

“Were I the proud Lion’s companion to be,
You would see how his highness were governed by
me;—
Did he wish for a statesman to lighten his cares,
Me he’d place, I’m convinced, at the head of affairs.”

“You may have great talents,” the Ass he replied,
“And mean are my gifts, but I rest satisfied.
If mischief was goodness, and plotting was merit,
Why then you might boast of your fire and spirit.

“But when talent is used to no better end,
Than to outwit and cozen your very best friend;
And your mind but exerted to work up some trick,
Rob a ewe of her lamb, or a hen of her chick.

“No mischief is done the whole country round,
But you, Mr. Renard, the culprit are found;
Believe me, my friend, things are come to this pass,
Less respected the wise Fox, than is the dull Ass.”

THE MONKEY'S REVENGE.

There sat on a cocoa-tree's topmost bough,
Some mischievous monkeys, one day;
The story says so, whether true or no,
Though I've read it, I cannot say.

A weary and thirsty traveller came,
Rejoicing to see that tree;
But the nuts hung so high, that with piteous cry,
He said, “They are not for me!

“I have drained my cruise to the very dregs,
And I shall die of thirst;
Oh! of what use were that milky juice—
I drink, or else die I must!”

If he could but gain one, what a deed was done,
So his cap 'mong the boughs he threw ;
When, quite enraged, a war was waged
By the grinning, chattering crew.

The mischievous mimics thought it just
That they revenged should be ;
And their anger to show, they began to throw
The nuts from off the tree.

So may it befall, to enemies all,
To work our good, not woe ;
For his thirst was allayed, and his life was saved,
By the malice of the foe.

THE ANT-LION'S DEN.

A young Ant, who was sent on some business one day,
Was taught by his mother the readiest way ;
She warned him of dangers that lurked in his road ;
Above all, he must shun the Ant-lion's abode.

“ You know, my poor child, you have too little wit
To know how to wind round that dangerous pit ;
So you must avoid it, and turn to the right,
And stop not your speed till it's hid from your sight.”

He said, "Mother, dear, your advice I rely on ;"
But still as he went he mused on the Ant-lion,
"What, he thought, does he live in the sand of his
cave,
With his horns only seen, strange sight it must have.

"I think I might creep round the edge of the den,
Just peep over a little, and run back again ;
'Twas wrong in my mother to make this alarm,
Just peeping a little, can do me no harm.

"She will call it presumptuous, but I think it brave ;
How much I shall talk of the horrible cave,
And all the young ants will so wonder and stare
To think, I had done that which none of them dare."

So he turned to the pit, but slow was his tread,
His heart it beat quick, he had some little dread,
Thought of all he had heard of this monster so fell ;
And all the strange stories that travellers tell.

How you reach the loose edge of the perilous steep,
Then how moulders the false sand from under your
feet :

How, when a poor insect, has fall'n in his power,
He never is heard of, from that fatal hour.

He wished to return, but presumption and pride
Made him still once again in himself to confide ;

My mother, thought he, said, "avoid the dire pit,
Because you are young, and have *so* little wit.

But convince her I will, that I am a wise ant,
And that none of her careful instruction I want :
So urged on by folly, and blinded by pride,
He reached in a minute the den's fatal side.

'Tis said that he took a round-about sweep,
Where the sand seemed the firmest he ventured to
 peep,
Though he thought he was wiser than all ants before,
Yet like the rest, *he* was heard of *no more*.

As he never returned, they knew that his grave
Had been by his folly, the Ant-lion's cave :
And they said that his fate recorded should be
As a terrible warning to their colony.

[The Ant-Lion obtains its food by stratagem. She constructs a pit of a funnel shape in a sandy soil; when finished, she buries herself in the sand at the bottom, leaving only her horns visible. Here she awaits her prey. When an Ant or any other small insect walks over the edges of the hollow, the sand moving gives notice to the Ant-Lion; she immediately throws up the sand that covers her head to overwhelm the Ant, and with its returning force brings it to the bottom.]

THE LYING TRAVELLER.

EXAGGERATION.

A peasant boy, a traveller with his master far had been,
Returning to his native home—what wonders he had
seen :

His brothers and companions all listened with surprise,
And thought what food for wonderment a foreign land
supplies.

But the sad mischance of travellers to him also befell,
Not always truth, the simple truth, did our young
peasant tell ;

The father saw with bitter grief this folly of his son,
And in his honest mind resolved, what best was to be
done.

At length he did remember him a legend strange and
wild,

That he had often listened to with wonder, when a
child,

Relating to a rocky glen, not many miles from home ;
And to the spot he thought he would persuade the boy
to roam.

So one fine day the old man asked his son to take a
walk,
When the boy, as was his custom, of things he'd seen
would talk ;

"Father," he said, "I've seen a dog, now do not
think I dream,
You have not got a horse so large, no, not in all your
team.

"'Twas at the Hague, my father, this dog was shown
to me,
But we, that have been travellers, 'tis strange what
sights we see."

"It may be," said the father, "The fact I'll not with-
stand,
For well I know there are strange things peculiar to
each land.

"This very road we're travelling now, might fill you
with surprise,
There is a rocky pass before, through which our path-
way lies ;
And strange to say, there are some folks this path will
never tread,
I wonder not it gives their minds a superstitious dread.

“For any one that falsehoods tell, ’tis said to be well
known,
Is sure to meet a stumbling block, and falls and breaks
a bone.”

Oh ! how the boy’s lips quivered, and he grew deadly
pale ;
He asked, “Is there no other path that leads through
this drear vale ? ”

The old man would not hear a word, but calmly on-
ward jogs,
And soon the poor lad finds excuse again to speak of
dogs ;

“I think about that dog, father, had he grown a hand
more tall,
He’d been, I’m sure, almost as large, as the small ox
in the stall.”

“Father,” again the boy repeats, the way’s gone more
than half,
That dog I saw, I’m sure he was as big as any calf :
At length he spied the rugged pass, the craggy rocks
and stones,
He trembled, stopt, and almost felt the pain of broken
bones.

But the old man still paid no regard, he plodded on his way,

“My son, why are you loitering? ’tis nearly closing day;”

The frowning rocks were close at hand, one step and he was there,

But to move an inch more forward, the liar did not dare.

“The dog,” at last he stammered out, “I mentioned at the Hague,

I think, perhaps, dear father, I spoke a little vague;”

For now upon the dreaded spot his trembling feet he found,

“I do assure you, father, ’twas really *a large hound*.”

THE OWL AND THE RAVEN.

PRIDE OF FAMILY.

The tale of Miss Owl to you is well known,
Who, at Ivy Bush Tower, in pride lived alone.
To some more of her folly would you now attend,
If you please, I'll interpret her talk with a friend.

To a Raven perched near she directs her discourse,
And you hear his replies, in those croakings so hoarse.
Miss Owl always boasting, now talking is she,
Of her noble descent, and her long pedigree.

She affected poor Ralph's humbler claims to deride,
All the while she's exulting in family pride.

"You see this fine castle, 'twas my poor mother's
dower,
But now I'm sole heiress of Ivy Bush Tower.

"My great grandsire the Judge (how high was his
station);

Why, this place was the boast of his generation.
I suppose, Mr. Ralph, you have no country seat;
But in some decay'd oak tree, have found a retreat.

"Your relations the Kites, are strange, vulgar people;
And your cousins the Daws, I think, live in the steeple;
And as for your uncle, that old carrion Crow,
We know his pursuits and his tastes are quite low."

But now you may hear, by his deep, angry croak,
Mr. Ralph thinks her talking no longer a joke.

"Come, come, Mrs. Owlet," in rage he replies,
"Proud folks and vain boasters we only despise.

"Pray, where is your merit? as far as I see,
In your own silly brain the notion must be;
I know that they think you a bird of ill omen—
You're hated by some, and regarded by no man.

“And why should it give you importance, I pray,
That you live in a house tumbling down in decay;
You may spend all your days in the midst of your ruin,
And still nurse your spleen, and new mischief be brewing.

“For none will dispute your right to these stones
Who have any regard for their life or their bones;
You waste all your time here half-dozing, I see;
What good do you do, that you’re better than me?”

But whilst angry Ralph was the lady advising,
The blast of a north wind was suddenly rising;
And with still more effect gave some wholesome
instruction—
The cause of her pride bringing down her destruction.

For the wind it blew strong, and prone to the ground
Fell the turret that Owly a refuge had found;
And Ralph tells the tale, and has croaked from that
hour,
Of the fate of the heiress of Ivy Bush Tower.

THE EAGLE AND THE WREN.

An Eagle, the king of the air,
Peep’d once in the nest of a Wren,
“Ah!” he cries, “what a pleasant home,
I’ve lived now years fourscore and ten.

“I have lived till you see I am grey,
And 'tis now for the first time confest,
Far happier than Eagles, are they
Who are hatched in this Wren's little nest.

“Quiet, humble, and to the ground nigh,
How snug is this hole in the wall;
Whilst I in my eyry so high
Still tremble for fear of a fall.

“And what a supply in your larder,
I your Monarch am not better fed;
I am sure that I some days fare harder,
And what plummy down is your bed.

“And what a fine family's here,
How many young heads do I see?
Eighteen if my vision is clear,
Many more than are given to me.”

“Be hushed now your Majesty's moan,”
Cries the Wren, “or you'll own me superior;
'Tis a maxim, that none will disown,
He who *envies*, must be the *inferior*.”

MISPLACED PITY.

“Mother, sure Nature to fish is not kind,
Stupid and dumb, deaf and half blind,
No taste or smell either, these poor creatures know,
And their very life blood, O, how cold does it flow,
So little sensation, what can they enjoy?
They have nothing to do, but to eat and destroy.”

“Well, my dear Earnest, I will not dispute
That your friends the fishes are both deaf and mute;
Though their senses, my child, are more blunted than
ours,
Yet well suited to them are their limited powers;
And to prove that some pleasure to them may belong
Suppose now a little fish sings you a song.”

THE FISHES' SONG.

Pleasant our home of waters wide,
Sweet on the waveless calm to glide;
Or sporting on an angry sea,
No covert from the storm ask we.

Nor heats or chills to us are sent,
What change is in our element;

Sheltered in Oceans depths we lay,
Till Summer calls in sunny May.*

Then on the shelvy shore we bask,
Higher delights we do not ask,
We are not tied like you to home,
But through a world of waters roam.

From the cold seas of Labradore
To Spain's far distant southern shore;
Thus voyage we from the seas afar,
Nor ask for needle, or guiding star.

And e'er our season's task is done,
A thousand leagues perhaps are run,
Our trackless way as we pursue,
Have we not joys unknown to you?

Our oar-like fins, and rudder tail
Mock the canvass floating sail;
We dart with speed, and can outstrip
The swiftness of the winged ship, †

* In summer fish abound in shallows near the shore where the sun has power to warm the water to the bottom, but in winter they frequent the greatest depths of the sea, where the cold of the atmosphere is not sufficiently penetrating to reach them.

† Any of the larger kind of fish overtake a ship in full sail with great ease. They will undertake a voyage of a thousand leagues in a season.

Yet never with fatigue oppress
Motion to us is nearly rest,
Whilst you move heavy, dull, and slow,
We shoot like arrows from a bow.

Roam where we list in the green sea,
How happy, happy must we be;
Of nature shall a fish complain
Who knows not sickness, age, nor pain.

Ours are always days of prime†
Augmented growth, but marking time;
Youth renewed from day to day,
Vigour, that never knows decay.

We joy in life's protracted length,
Age is but the increase of strength;
Ah! happier far than things that creep
Are we, the dwellers of the deep.

Oh! could you dive beneath the waves
To see our coral grotts and caves,
See with what wonders it is stored
Our deep abode ne'er yet explored.

† Fish still keeping growing; their bodies instead of experiencing the rigidity of age, which is the cause of natural decay in land animals, still continue increasing with fresh supplies. How long a fish's life may last is not yet ascertained.

Upon the golden sand there lies
The thousand weeds of thousand dies ;
Myriads of creatures there have birth
More wondrous far than owns the earth.

Come dive with me and you shall see
The hidden treasures of our sea ;
Oh ! we are happy, gay, and free,
Thus sang the little fish in glee.

THE MUSICAL ASS.

THE BLINDNESS OF SELF-ADMIRATION.

An Ass who went with wares to town,
Returned quite spruce—a dandy grown ;
Reaching his native fields again,
Viewed his late friends with high disdain.

He bit the thistles with an air
That made his poor companions stare :
And such a beau, so much in fashion,
His tidy coat had not a splash on.

But where his pride the most was raised,
And he most often fished for praise,
Was his own piercing vocal tone,
'Twas that he would descant upon.

He said his notes were all the rage,
Not equalled on the Opera stage;
That Nature made his ears so long
That he might melodise his song.

You might hear the greenwoods ringing,
To what poor donkey thought was singing;
He would instruct a Calf one day
To learn his own peculiar bray.

Next wished to teach the folded sheep
How more melodiously to bleat :
A watch-dog once whose bay sonorous
Could waken echo's voice to chorus,

Took the task on him as a friend
Poor Donkey's pride to reprehend ;
He said, "all Nature's melodies
You say your singing far outvies.

"But in whose judgment now, I pray,
Does your harsh discordant bray
The soft bleat of the flocks surpass ?
Why in the judgment of an AN Ass."

LITTLE FRANK AND HIS SISTER.

Frank and his sister dress'd in pride
Once walked to school together ;
The boy had his new suit of clothes,
The girl a hat and feather.

They minced their feet, they tossed their heads,
'Twas laughable to see,
They look'd so proud as though they said,
Now, who's so fine as we.

And when the school-room they had gain'd,
And open thrown the door,
Their master gazed with some surprise
To see the clothes they wore.

He was a wise and pleasant man,
And well could read the heart ;
And even to his school he sought
Some lesson to impart.

And when he saw the vanity
Of foolish Frank and Ann,
To cure them of their silly pride,
He thought him of a plan.

"Why, children," said he, "how you dress,
Your clothes have all been worn ;
They are but cast-off suits, I see—
Nay, look not with such scorn.

“For I can prove the words I say.
What! have you never heard,
Your clothes are cast-off suits at best
Of beast, or worm, or bird.

“Still are you doubtful? listen then;
I’ll call them all by name.
Come, Ostrich, snatch that feather fine,
For each his own shall claim.

“Here, Beaver, come, and take Frank’s hat,
And Sheep, his suit so gay;
Calf, take his shoes, and Kid, his gloves;
Come, take them all away.

“And now, my silly little Ann;
Come, Silkworm, hither crawl;
He must have bonnet and pelisse,
And sash, and gloves, and all.

“Now, where are all your borrowed plumes?
But I’ll no more deride;
So never let your clothes again
Be food for silly pride.”

THE CONCEITED DONKEY.

“IT’S ENOUGH TO CROUCH TO A LION.”

The stars were hid, no moon was shining,
When Renard sought a meal ;
And all about the woods went prying,
To see what he could steal.

He starts in terror at the gleaming
Of a strange and fitful light ;
The wily felon shakes and cowers,
Filled with horror and affright.

What can be those torches burning ?
The flashing of a Lion’s eye ;
Renard, you are close upon him—
It is useless now to fly.

So, feigning courage, bowing lowly :
“May ’t please your Majesty’s high grace,—
From a distance your poor servant
Humbly seeks your noble place.

“He comes, with reverence, on a mission,
Offers your highness royal cheer ;
For, on the border of your river,
Your slave has seen a herd of deer.”

“And from the booty he craves humbly,
Merely craves one pound of meat ;
Content that he, your slave unworthy,
Should afford your grace a treat.”

The Sovereign smiled his approbation ;
His heart was bounding with delight.
“My worthy friend, to-morrow morning,
Believe me, I will dub you Knight.

“And now, good Renard, I must swiftly
Through the forest take my flight,
Or the dark and flowing river
I shall never reach to-night.”

With dignity his right paw kissing,
And nodding twice his regal head,
O'er the brushwood lightly bounding,
Away the Monarch-Lion sped.

The Fox can draw his breath now freely,
And a weight has left his heart,
When the braying of a donkey
Once more made sly Renard start.

The Ass had heard the whole proceeding
From a covert lurking near ;
“Ho ! Mr. Fox, you show good breeding
When you're overcome with fear.

"I'll make him tremble!" so he shouted:

"Why, Renard, you are just a fool,
And to that horrid old King-Lion
You've made yourself a perfect tool.

"Ah! ah! my dear and cunning neighbour!

Yes—yes—now we shall see;
If I but kicked you, ah! you'd truckle,
Yes, and crouch down low to me."

"Ho!" laughed the Fox; "ho! ho! poor donkey!

Now this you may rely on:
'Tis quite enough, in one night, truly,
To crouch down to a *Lion*."

THE ENVIOUS KID.

Oh! the hills are very pleasant,
Where the thyme's sweet blossoms grow;
And the heather-bells by thousands,
And the mountain-stream doth flow.

Oh! the hills are very pleasant!
Where the grey rock rears its head,
And the larch-trees, to the breezes
Dance their tiny tassels red.





On these hills, so saith the story,
Centuries ago did dwell,
A Goat, with two young kids, her children,
And their mother loved them well.

Loved them fondly did their mother;
Happy might their lives have been,
Had these brothers loved each other,
But fell envy came between.

One little Kid was sur-named Beauty,
Its hair was silky and snow white;
In truth it was a lovely creature,
And its eyes were large and bright.

Oh! how the Shepherd's children loved it,
And the little creature fed,
Every morn and every evening,
With new milk and whitest bread.

How fared his elder brother, Tawny?
No dainty food or milk had he;
His hair was rough, and coarse, and matted;
He was as ugly as could be.

And his heart was just as ugly,
Filled with envy, hate, and scorn;
Thought he, "*I should be loved and cherished,*
Had my brother ne'er been born."

Oh! those hills were very pleasant!
Scented with the yellow broom;
But Tawny saw no blossoms golden,
They were shadow'd o'er with gloom.

Green and fresh the grass was growing;
With loathing, Tawny turned away;
Ever watching his young brother,
His hate grew stronger day by day.

These hills were skirted by a forest,
Very gloomy, dark, and wide,
There, amidst its tangled thickets,
Did the savage wolf abide.

Spoke the old Goat, "Never wander
In the forest vast and drear,
Fearful creatures haunt its coverts,
You their distant howls may hear."

"Hasten, Beauty, my dear brother,"
Thus said Tawny, one fine day,
"In yon green wood waits my mother,
You'll join her there she bids me say."

Away skips Beauty, nothing doubting,
Down the rocky way he past:
Ah! thought Tawny, grimly scowling,
"That fine chase will be your last."

“To yonder distant crag I’ll hasten—
From thence the forest I can see;
And I shall learn, by looking downwards,
What my brother’s fate may be.”

He reached the rock, and on it standing,
Gazed adown the giddy height;
Far below him lay the forest,
Solemn, vast, and dark as night.

“Ah! yes, I hear a dismal howling;
Sure they’ve caught the Beauty now:
Stay, listen, is not that a bleating
In the distance, faint and low.”

O’er the crag his neck far stretching,
Filled with hatred, and with spite;
Lo! a crash,—he’s lost his footing,
Headlong, tumbling down the height.

Headlong tumbling, crashing downwards,
At the mountain’s foot he lies,
A gaunt old wolf, with savage growling,
On the lifeless body flies.

And where is Beauty?—did his brother’s
Wicked, wicked, plot succeed?
No, the good—so says some writer,
Oft find succour in their need.

And so it was with little Beauty,
He had reached the forest drear,
And his heart had died within him,
For he saw no mother near.

But the shepherd, coming homewards
Found him in this dismal plight,
And in his arms he bore him gently
Till his homestead was in sight.

Oh! the hills were very pleasant!
Little Beauty loved them well;
Long he lived with his dear mother,
How many years I cannot tell.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE SNAIL.

Through the boundless fields of air,
What insect can with me compare;
Pleasant is the race I run,
Happy daughter of the sun.

See me in the warm beams dancing,
Its brightest rays upon me glancing;
As my glorious wings unfold,
Freck'd with silver, and with gold.

Ermine robes, so costly fine,
Are not so beautiful as mine ;
My home I find in fairest flower,
Lily, or Harebell, is my bower.

I sit upon their pointal's tip,
Their honied nectary to sip ;
I would not be a thing to creep,
My nose just out of home to peep.

“ Old Hodmandod how do you breathe
The weight of that rock house beneath,
I wonder you that have some sense
Can chuse so dull a residence.

“ From henceforth I your rocky hall
Shall always ‘ Gloomy castle ’ call ; ”
The snail who heard the vaunting fly,
To these faint words made no reply,

But thrusting out his horns some way
Seemed much to meditate the day ;
And looking most profoundly wise
Bade his gay friend observe the skies.

The hurrying clouds that darkly lower
Portending tempest, and a shower,
“ Neighbour, I really feel afraid,
You are so sprucely dress'd,” he said.

"I counsel you to hasten home,
Be well advised, no further roam ;
Or else I fear the beating rain,
Will give your ermine coat a stain.

"See, see, the drops now wet your wing,
Your costly robes about you cling,
Haste to your bower without a roof,
I hope you'll find it waterproof."

The fly replied, "It is too true,
Cannot your castle shelter two?"
"Oh yes, quite snug, but just a squeeze."
"Dear friend, consent, I feel the breeze.

"And long ere this the wind has rent
The silken curtains of my tent ;
Ah neighbour snail, I freely own
That pleasant is your house of stone."

THE WADDLING DUCK.

ACCUSE NOT OTHERS OF THE FAULTS WE OURSELVES
COMMIT.

A young Duck that could just say quack,
Scarcely the down plume off his back,
Was swimming most affectedly,
When a Goose he chanced to see.

Seeming to mark her with surprise,
"Cousin, a word with you," he cries;
"You walk upon the pond side there
With such a fine and gallant air.

"A little nearer pray advance,
Oh! surely you must learn to dance;
Prithee now Coz, to me impart
Of walking gracefully the art."

"Yes" cried the Goose, "I'll give to thee
The whole of the deep mystery,
But e'er the secret I confide
You must be walking by my side."

[From the German.]

THE TULIP AND DAISY.

PRIDE.

A Tulip destin'd for a prize,
To those around her proudly cries,
"Natives of distant fields we grow
Unvarigate of one dull hue.

Now how lovely we are found
Within the gardens cultured ground,
Painted in all the rainbow dies,
Our tints all other tints outvies.

What love to us our master shows,
Unwearied labour he bestows ;
We are the children of his care,
The glory of the gay parterre."

The flowers heard her boastings vain,
And tossed their heads in high disdain ;
Then spoke a daisy from the crowd
" Eastern Tulip, thou art proud."

" We know thou art so highly bred,
Scarce can'st thou raise thy languid head,
And as thou weak'nest in decay,
So much more splendid thy array.

" Such a fine lordling among flowers,
We would not wish thy state were ours ;
Nor would I change my lot for thine,
Would I in sickly grandeur pine.

" Whilst thou art screen'd from every breeze,
Sunshine or shade alike me please ;
And we daisys flourish still
In barren soil, or brake, or hill.

" Frail creature ! thou wilt soon decay :
Far happier in thy humbler day—
Far happier in thy native clime,
Where health, and strength, and life were thine.

[Few plants acquire through accident, weakness, or disease, so many tints, variegations, and figures as the Tulip; when uncultivated and in its natural state, it is almost of one colour, with large leaves and a long stem. This masterpiece of culture, the more beautiful it becomes, grows so much the weaker, so that it can but with difficulty be transplanted or kept alive. The Tulip grows wild in the Levant.]

THE FIELD-MOUSE OF THE AFRICAN DESERT.

The sand of the desert with heat is glowing;
No cooling and sparkling stream is flowing,
And no green spot shows that the springs are near.
Oh! the rush of waters if we might hear!

Wearily plod I the drear waste o'er;
Man and beast are seen now no more;
And nothing, O nothing, of life breathes around:
Yes—here are the Lizard and Field-mouse found.

Now tell me, thou only breathing thing,
Where hast thou found thy unfailing spring?
Where slak'st thou thy burning thirst? O tell
Where is thy ever-springing well?

Dost thou seek in the arid and scorching dust
That which allays thy burning thirst?
For now it is many a weary day
That the streams and the fountains have died away.

So the traveller looked with a searching eye
What the drought of the wilderness could supply;
And beautiful was the provision descried,
He saw in the desert—"the Lord could provide."

For the dry rock a berry was made to produce,
The clearest water, its precious juice ;
So the full sweet draught the Field-mouse found,
While with thirst all nature was languishing round.

And furnish'd was he for a future day,
For stow'd in his nest his water-casks lay ;
In the wilderness sad 'twas a pleasant sight,
And the traveller past on with a heart more light.

[In these deserts (Mr. Campbell observes), animals become as scarce as men, not a living creature being visible. In some places, however, the Lizard and Field-mouse were found in great numbers. The curiosity of the traveller was excited to know how these creatures could live where a want of water had banished every other living thing; he found certain bulbous plants, and water berries were made to grow in great abundance, by which these animals easily quenched their thirst. Mr. Campbell saw a little Field-mouse rolling into its hole one of these berries, out of which he obtained about a thimble full of water.]

THE TWO FAWNS.

How lovely are yon wildwoods
That stretch so far and wide—
That sweep around the lonely lake,
And climb the green hill side.
It's there the deer, in pastures free,
Roam wheresoe'er they will,
And crop the herbage from the sward,
And drink the crystal rill.

And there the birds, with sweeter note,
From morn till eve are singing;
All round the wood, and through the wood
You hear their voices ringing.

Two little Fawns once lived among
Those pleasant woodland bow'rs,
And, day by day, how merrily
They passed the summer hours!

Their slender forms so graceful were,
Their eyes, so soft, and bright;
No wonder their fond mother gazed
Upon them with delight.

As fleet they bounded by her side
Far o'er the hills away,
Or chased each other up and down
Beneath the oak tree's spray.

Each night they laid them down to rest
Where the fern grew thick and high;
When silver stars came shining out
And spangled o'er the sky.

Oh! was not their's a pleasant life,
All in the greenwood fair,
Ah! well for them if both had been
content to tarry there.

But the lady from the castle
Strayed in those woods one day,
And there she saw those little fawns
Among the leaves at play.

Then said she, as she passed them by :
“ Now were those fair fawns mine,
With roses, and with lilies,
Their necks I would entwine.

“ And I would screen them from the heat,
And shield them from the cold,
And they should drink the sweetest milk
From out a cup of gold.”

“ Ah ! heard'st thou what that lady said ?
Exclaimed one fawn with pride,
Oh ! brother, let us go straightway
To the castle, by her side.

“ And have our necks all wreathed so fine,
And drink from cup of gold ;
And live in her stately castle,
That looks so grand and old.”

“ And would'st thou leave our pleasant home,
And leave our gentle mother,
To dwell with strangers cold and proud !”
Replied his wond'ring brother.

“ Yes, truly, on a visit
To the castle I would go :”
His brother thought he spoke in jest,
But alas ! it was not so.

For secretly and silently,
He left his home that day,
And by the lady he was led
To the castle, far away.

Up to the castle stately,
Under the gateway tall,
The lady led the little fawn
Into the marble hall.

His brother sought him sorrowing,
His mother wept him sore ;
But he shall return to the greenwood
Never, oh ! never more.

The summer days were lengthening,
The sun more brightly shone ;
But sad it was in the greenwood
For his brother all alone.

And ever he hoped to see him
In some old familiar nook ;
But he met him not on the breezy down
Or by the sheltered brook.

One morning, with his mother
He wandered on the hill,
Looking hither, looking thither,
For his little playmate still.

To the castle lawn beneath them
They turned their wistful eyes,
And there once more the missing one—
They saw with glad surprise.

A gay and noble company
Were thronging him about;
And they saw the roses shining
Around his slender throat.

But they also saw the silken cord
That held him captive there,
And then they knew how dearly won
Were all those roses fair.

No pride nor triumph in his mien,
But tremblingly he stood,
Turning his mournful eyes towards
The distant waving wood.

That night the Fawn was lying down
By his mother's side alone,
When through the woods he seemed to hear
A low and stifled moan.

Oh! was it but a night-bird's wail,
Or wind complaining by?
He thought it was his brother's voice,
And rose up at the cry.

The moonlight o'er the forest paths
Was streaming white and broad;
So swiftly did he speed along,
His feet scarce touched the sward.

Away!—away! each brush and brake
With eager haste he past.
Oh! might he reach, though far away,
The castle park at last!

At length, beneath its palings high
He staid his weary feet;
Ah! where may be his brother dear—
He fain once more would greet?

There, stretched upon the dewy grass
Before him, now he lies;
He cannot move—he scarce can speak;
He hears his dying sighs!

Grown weary of his captive thrall,
He broke his silken chain,
And thought to see his wild wood haunts,
And all his friends, again.

But ah! he was a captive still—
Before him lay a wall—
Where'er he went, on every side,
He saw the palings tall.

To clear them long he tried in vain;
At last, with desp'rate bound,
The fatal barrier he past,
And fell upon the ground—

Fell bleeding on the other side,
And there he gasping lay,
His life blood flowing on the grass
So fast—so fast away.

“Farewell, farewell, sweet brother mine!”
He cried in accents low;
“Forgive me that I caused you grief:
I do repent me now!

“And pray my mother to forgive
My vanity and pride;
I would that I were with her still—
Had never left her side!

“Farewell,” he murmur'd fainter still,
Chok'd by the crimson tide.
A minute more, and that fair Fawn
Lay dead upon his side;
And the roses and the lilies
They all with blood were dyed.

FLOWERS OF THE OCEAN.

Call us not weeds—we are flow'rs of the sea—
For lovely and bright and gay-tinted are we;
Our blush is as deep as the rose of thy bowers.
Then call us not weeds—we are ocean's gay flowers.

Not nursed like the plants of a summer parterre,
Where gales are but sighs of an evening air;
Our exquisite, fragile, and delicate forms
Are nursed by the ocean, and rocked by the storms.

THE SNOW-DROP'S COMPLAINT.

I asked it of the ice-bound earth,
Why *now* am I to grow;
And why must still my drooping head
Be wreathed about with snow?

I asked it of the bitter east,
Why am I nipped with frost?
I asked it of the blustering north,
Why am I tempest-tossed?

I asked it of the distant sun,
To give me cheering beam;
And not to ever mock me thus,
With his cold watery gleam.

And why, like the sweet summer flower,
Am I not wet with dew?
And I asked it of the skies above,
Where was their cloudless blue?

I questioned thus, the earth and sun;
I questioned thus the sky;
I questioned thus the blustering winds;
And this was their reply:

“If among Spring’s lovely flowers
Thy little bud had blown,
None would have marked thy pallid cup,
Thy name had not been known.

’Tis well for thee the blast has howled,
The sun has never smiled;
For thou art cherished, nursed, and loved,
But as rough Winter’s child.”

SONG TO THE BEE.

My dear little Bee, what a way you have flown;
You’ve past a wide stream to reach this thymy down,
To gain your sweet food,
O’er heath and o’er flood.

How far, my poor Bee, you are driven to roam;
Yet humming along,
All joy is your song,

And you care not, though weary the way to your home.

But, oh, wonder ! how find you the path to your cell ?
Do you live north, or south, or east, can you tell ?
 So distant your flight,
 What guide leads you right ?
Does memory mark every change in the scene ?
 Are the flowers your clue,
 That your path is so true ?
Did you know that you flew from the rose to the bean ?

THE HEARTSEASE.

Pansy, I'll call thee mine own sweet flower ;
 Yes, thou my flower shall be,
And thou shalt lay ever upon my heart,
 And I will sing of thee.

I'll place thee in my bower gay,
 And decorate my home ;
Then I'll not sigh for the stately hall,
 Nor dream of the gilded dome.

I'll gather thy buds, and twine my hair,
 Binding my brow with them ;
Then I'll not change my chaplet fair,
 For the queenly diadem.

And I would have thee bestrew my path,
 My garden, and my bower ;
And I'll tend thee still in the wintry blast,
 As in the sunny hour.

So seasons may change, and summers wane,
But thou shalt ever please ;
Yes, still I will love thee, my shining flower,
For thy pretty name—*Heartsease*.

And thou shalt be my sage,
And make me think of gay flowers ;
And O, I will ask in all I do,
Heartsease for future hours ?

THE ROBIN RELEASED FROM ITS CAGE.

Welcome back to thy woods again,
My pretty Robin ;
Whose were the tender hands
Loosened thy prison bands,
My pretty Robin ?

Welcome back to thy woods again,
My pretty Robin ;
The summer is past and gone,
Yet autumn's suns are warm,
My pretty Robin.

Welcome back to thy woods again,
My pretty Robin ;
Forget in thy present bliss,
The hours of thy loneliness,
My pretty Robin.

Welcome back to thy woods again,
My pretty Robin;
All is so pleasant now—
Even the leafless bough—
My pretty Robin.

Welcome back to thy woods again,
My pretty Robin;
Chirp gay, and joyous sing—
Think of another spring,
My pretty Robin.

Welcome back to thy woods again,
My pretty Robin;
Feast on the berries red,
Hanging above thy head,
My pretty Robin.

THE EGGAR MOTH.

My pretty Eggar fly,
My snowdrop of a Moth,
Why in this bitter month,
Why dost thou venture forth?

This is no gentle air,
But breath of the Northern breeze,
No rose for thee blooms fair,
No Summer hum of bees.

The feathered muffled fowl,
Keeps snugly in his home;
Then why my tender Moth
Why doom'd art thou to roam?
How canst thou dare to fly
With that silver silken wing?
O, thou must surely die
Thou weak and fragile thing.

No, thou art still supported,
Even in this dark hour,
None of thy race shall perish
Upheld by mighty power;
What care for thee is taken,
What infinite concern,
No thou art not forsaken,
Though but a feeble worm.

[The small Eggar Moth (*Eriogaster lanestris*), doomed to a regular appearance in the winged state at the termination of the cold ungenial month of February. That it may not become extinct, Nature reserves a small portion of it annually in the pupa state until the following February, sometimes even until the third recurrence of that frigid month, securing by these unusual means the safety and perpetuation of the Eggar Moth. —*British Cyclopædia of Natural History.*]

THE BALSAM TREE.

You know the tale of the Spoiler—he
Who tore a branch from the Balsam-tree,
And as the oderous branch he broke
He deeply pierced his breast with the stroke.

Then wept the tree, and the traveller found
He was healed by her tears of the smarting wound :
This fable old of the Eastern tree,
Christian heart, will come home to thee.

For when thou see'st thy bitter foe
Drinking deeply the cup of woe ;
Pity and sweetest charity,
Will drop their balm as the Eastern tree :
And when love sheds its gentle tear,
'Tis a healing balm on a heart of care.

THE GLOW-WORM.

Insect of the brilliant light!
Beauty of a summer's night!
Splendour of the eves of June!
How are your glories faded soon?

Worm, how dark do you appear!
Now no living fire you bear;
Lately, with the evening star,
You threw your glimmering ray afar.

Your green lamp did fairies trim,
That should clouds the bright moon dim,
Their wonted paths they still may tread,
Nor any harm of night should dread.

They your light no more require,
So have quenched the useless fire;
Nothing lovely in your form;
Now, you're but a dismal worm.

No more you draw the wanderer's gaze,
No object now of poet's lays;
Diamond of night, you're lustre's gone;
Star of the earth, your rays are shorn.

So human beauty fades away,
The lustre of a summer's day;
For corruption is our mother,
And the earth-worm is our brother.
Oh! mortals, come, a lesson learn—
A lesson from your brother worm.

THE SAILOR BOY TO THE SWALLOW.

Welcome, welcome, poor stranger,
With your faint, wearied wing!
Oh, are you from England?
What news do you bring?

Tell me, my worn one,
From whence do you come?
I will dream—I will dream;
Your home is my home.

In the peace of our cottage
You blessedly dwell;
'Neath my roof you have nestled,
And built your clay cell.

Is your home in our porch,
Hid in leaves of the vine,
Or love you the chimney
Overtopped by the pine?

Poor, foolish swallow,
How can you roam?
I almost feel certain
Your home's not my home.

For how could you fly, then,
A homestead so blest?
How seek other lands
As the place of your rest?

Ah! poor, foolish bird,
Thou imagest's clear
What to the angels
Vain man must appear.

They know the full pleasures
Of our fair home above,
And pity our wand'rings
From a Heaven of love.

[Swallows are often met with at sea perishing in an exhausted condition on the rigging and decks of ships.]

THE TWELVE MONTHS.

In each month of the pleasant year
We find there's something gay,
Some pretty thing to look upon,
Or help us in our play.

January's freezing cold!

But we love ice and snow,
And the bright berries, scarlet red
That on the Hollys grow.

In *February* snowdrops peep,
We say the flower's awake;
Then, with the bloom of the willow trees
What pretty toys we make.

In *March* we watch the cawing rooks,
And the small busy bird
Building the nest we search to find,
But never will disturb.

In *April* all's becoming green,
We almost love its showers;
For then it is the children say
“’Tis raining down May flowers.”

Oh! *May*, it is our garland month,
And butterflies we see;
We chase them over “brake and briar,”
Or watch the humming bee.

In *June* it is the woods are thick,
The leafy bower is made,
Where from the sun we hide ourselves;
Delighting in the shade.

And *July* is the month of fruits—
Then hang the currants red ;
And gooseberries and raspberries
Around us all are spread.

August is the month of corn,
Low bends the yellow ear,
And the hot reaper cuts it down
And stores it for the year.

September, in the pleasant woods,
Then the brown nuts we eat :
And the ripe apples gather'd in,
Our own nice Christmas treat.

October is the month that brings
The poor birds' winter food ;
The hips and haws, on briars and thorns,
And blackberries, so good.

Dark, dark *November*, what have you
That we can think is gay ?
We may heap up your rustling leaves,
And call them "stacks of hay."

December is the blessed month
Of love and charity :
Then, clothes and food we give the poor
Joyous it is to see.

So through the happy, happy year
Each little child may say :

“If I love God and holy things
I’m happy every day.”

“But if I give my heart to sin,
Dull, every day will be ;

I shall see nothing fair and bright
All will be sad to me.”

THE PRIMROSE.

Pale Primrose, thou shalt be
Type of humility ;
For thou art childhood’s flower,
Decking his early bower ;
And ever art thou found
In his gay posy bound.
Yes, the boy loves thee well,
Thee and the azure bell.
He will his home forsake,
To roam the tangled brake,
With the quick, searching eye,
Thy first bloom to descry.
Then with wild mirth and shout,
Calling the echoes out,
He twines thy tender stem,
To form his diadem.
Pale flower, thou dost prove
Childhood’s first love ;
And therefore shalt thou be
Type of humility.

THE ECHO.

Listen—here's a fairy sound
Issues from the hollow ground:
'Tis Echo's voice; come, shall we try
To our questions what reply?

Where's thy dwelling-place so fair?
Ah! the Echo answers—*Air*.

Echo, dost thou tell truth never?
Hark! the Echo answers—*Ever*.

Are old men or youth most sage?
List! the Echo answers—*Age*.

Do we well to love our will?
Sapient Echo answers—*Ill*.

What does Echo recommend?
Then Sage Echo answers—*Mend*.

Echo, which babbles, I or thou?
Then loud the mocker answers—*Thou*.

Oh, Echo, once more silence keep;
Would I'd not waked thee from thy sleep!





The Young Girl and the Nightingale.

THE YOUNG GIRL AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

A Nightingale, amid the leafy green,
Warbled her song around, herself unseen.
My Rose was wandering at that twilight hour,
And as her footsteps loiter'd near the tower,
She listened—stopt, all eager ear and eye—
Ne'er had she heard such wondrous minstrelsy;
And then the young girl, as she listened, sighed,
And said: "Sweet bird, O wherefore from me hide?
Thou *must* be beautiful, thy song's so sweet.
Why art thou hidden in thy close retreat?
I think thou hast the small wren's golden crest,
And red as my sweet robin's is thy breast.
Oh! wherefore art thou hidden from my sight?
I long to look upon thy plumage bright."
He started at her voice, and swift uprose;
What tints so beautiful did he disclose!
Alas! when full he was exposed to view,
She saw a plain brown bird of one dull hue.
Will you, my child, from this experience know,
Worth is not always fair in outward show?

THE GOSSAMER BOAT.

“I would be a fairy on light winds borne,
To fly from the earth with the peep of dawn;
Far away on the sunbeams’ path to float
Merrily up in a gossamer boat.

“I would spread my sails to the singing breeze;
I would swiftly mount o’er the tall elm trees,
Leave butterflies dancing round flow’rs bright,
And pass the lark in its upward flight.

“Away we would speed through the summer air,
So happy and gay, without thought or care;
Away to the East, where the cloud-lands lie,
All purple and gold, in the morning sky.

“Then back to the earth would I gently glide,
And rest by a murmuring river’s side;
Or under the leaves of a white moss-rose
So sweetly and softly would I repose,

“Till the zephyr’s breath, as it passes by,
Wafts us once more to the clear blue sky;
Or over the fields where the cowslips grow,
Where daffodils, daises, and kingcups blow.

“Oh, mother, how pleasant the long summer’s day,
To pass the bright hours in sunshine and play;
And when the moon rises, sink gently to sleep,
Lulled sweetly by waters in lily-bell deep.”

“To know, then, all joy, is the wish of thy song :
Thy dream, fair child, will vanish ere long.
Not in sunbeams of purple and gold canst thou float,
For soon will be rent thy gossamer boat.

“The leaves of thy rose will be scattered around—
The stem of thy lily will bend to the ground ;
But look up, my loved one, for there is a joy
Which the evils of life cannot reach or destroy.

“Look only with hope to a heaven of love,
And *truth* is a joy thy bosom will prove ;
Fixt be thy heart where the rich treasure lies,
And this earth will give peace as of Paradise.”

THE GIRL IN THE DISTANT CITY.

TO A WANDERING BIRD.

Wild bird, I see thee flying by,
Swift as a glancing star.
Ah ! dost thou come from my dear home—
My own loved home afar ?

That home that I shall never see ;
That home, where I may never be ?

Oh ! wilt thou, in thy wanderings,
Ere reach my garden glade,
Where stands the old-remembered house,
In ivy green arrayed ?
Oh ! fly, sweet bird, and to me bear
Some token of our garden fair.

The roses bright, by day and night,
Are blooming, sweetly all ;
There is a rose I love, that grows
Beside the maple tall.
I would you'd haste, and pluck for me
One blossom from that white rose-tree.

One blossom, and a vine leaf bring,
That round my summer bower
Entwines its circling tendrils with
The scented woodbine flower.
I loved it, Oh ! I loved it well,
That bower in the lonely dell.

For there a stately forest tree
Grows upward, strong and high ;
And nightingales sing out at eve,
Beneath the starlit sky :





The Girl to a Wandering Bird.

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And there would I, light hearted, stray,
If I had wings to fly away.

I may not follow thy glad flight,
To where that tall tree grows,
Or where the wild-wood torrent pours,
Or where my flower blows.
Sweet bird, I may not follow thee,
For I am *caged*—and thou art *free*.

THE WOODMOUSE'S HOME.

Beneath a spreading oak tree's bough
A woodmouse made its nest;
He chose amid that fairy glade,
The spot he loved the best.

And many a forest tree waved there,
And many a stream gushed by,
And many a tiny flower looked up,
Towards the summer sky.

The wild bees, on their sunny wings,
Would come and wander there;
And seemed unwillingly to leave
A spot, so wondrous fair.

The sun was shining warm and bright
Between the rustling trees ;
The green leaves danced, the summer flowers
Were waving in the breeze.

A gay and happy little thing
That Woodmouse is, I ween,
To live in such a pleasant spot,
All in the forest green.

I would that I could live like him—
So joyous, wild, and free—
And lead the merry life he leads,
Beneath the old oak tree.

“Be good, and kind, and full of love,
And my little girl shall see,
That she can make her father's hall,
Gay as the old oak tree.”

THE BLIND CHILD TO HER MOTHER.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Tell me, Mother, of the stars,
And of the heavens blue;
All night long I dream of them.
Mother, I dream they are like you.

Oh! when you press me to your heart,
And softly breathe my name,
I feel so joyful, and I think
That heaven must be the same.

Tell me, Mother, of my God;
Oh! is he not like you?
And will he not as soon forgive
The little faults I do?

Tell me, Mother, will my God
Love *me*, a poor blind child?
And, Mother, is his love like thine,
So tender and so mild?

Ah! you must never leave
The poor blind child you love;
But die with me, that you may lead
Your child to heaven above.

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DEATH IN THE VILLAGE.

Death went adown the village in spring,
Where the sun makes all rejoice;
And the budding woods in the valleys ring
With the cuckoo's merry voice.

An old man sat by the oak-tree's shade,
He heard not the wild bird's song;
Nor saw the fields, where the young lambs played,
And the stream that gushed along.

Oh! death was to him a welcome guest;
He smiled as he felt his hand;
For long had he sighed for the quiet rest,
And peace of the heavenly land.

With mirthful shouts, on the village green,
Did the little children play;
The miller's wife by her door was seen,
In her arms her first-born lay.

The mother looked down with smiles of joy
On her loved one's laughing face:
But death snatched away the infant boy
From her close and warm embrace.

Death came again in the summer-tide,
And up the village he went,
When roses were blooming side by side,
And in at the casement bent.

The sexton's son from his couch looked out
On the warm and sunny day;
He heard the haymakers' merry shout,
In the meadows far away.

His brothers all, with the morning light,
To their daily work had gone;
But, ere they returned again at night,
Death bore off the sickly one.

Death came again in the autumn time,
Across the village he hied;
The blacksmith tall, in his manhood's prime,
Was standing his forge beside.

He wielded his hammer with sinews strong,
Well sounded the anvil's clang;
But suddenly ceased its noisy song,
As Death on the strong man sprang.

Death came once more on a winter's day,
Around the village he hied;
To the curate's home he bent his way,
And entered the porch so wide.

There, like a lily drooping and pale,
So gentle and angel mild,
As a flower cut by the bitter gale,
Lay the good old pastor's child.

The snow lay cold on the ground that day,
The tempest was drawing near;
When Death bore gently his prize away,
The last which he took that year.

THE WHITE SHIP.

A gallant ship was on the sea,
A noble freight it bore,
A royal train from Normandy,
Bound for the English shore.

The high and princely born were there,
A gay and glitt'ring band,
Escorting England's youthful heir
Towards his native land.

A young and thoughtless company
Composed that gallant throng;
And nought was heard but minstrelsy,
With laughter and with song.

The sun's rays on the gilded prow
And many a rare gem glance;
On white plumes waving too and fro
On gilded helm and lance.

And silken banners to the gale
Embroidery rich unfold,
The royal arms of England wrought
In purple and in gold.

Ah! little recked the young hearts there,
Now mad with revelry:
Ah! little recked the gay, the proud,
Their fearful destiny.

The crested waves danced all in glee
Beneath the sunbeam's ray,
And coursed each other merrily,
Like children at their play.

And shoals of fish of glorious hue
Are sporting gaily there ;
The white birds on their silver wing
Float through the summer air.

“Put out your sweeps, and crowd each sail,”
The princely William cried,
“And swift before the hastening gale
So gallantly we'll ride.”

“Fitz-Stephen prove your goodly bark
The fleetest on the sea ;
You boast the White Ship skims the wave
Like the deer across the lea.”

Fitz-Stephen heard the high command,
A moment scarce had fled,
When bending 'neath the press of sail
The White Ship hast'ning sped.

On swift she bounded o'er the wave
Like meteor through the sky ;
Or rising from the trackless deep
A spirit hurrying by.

And still the revelry went on
Amongst the giddy crew ;
The laugh grew louder as like light
The White Ship onward flew.

Awake, Fitz-Stephen, e'er too late,
Arouse thee from thy sleep :
See you, yon dark rock like a speck
Rising from out the deep.

Too late, too late, with frightful speed
The White Ship skims the sea :
Too late,—too late, the thoughtless ones
Their fearful danger see.

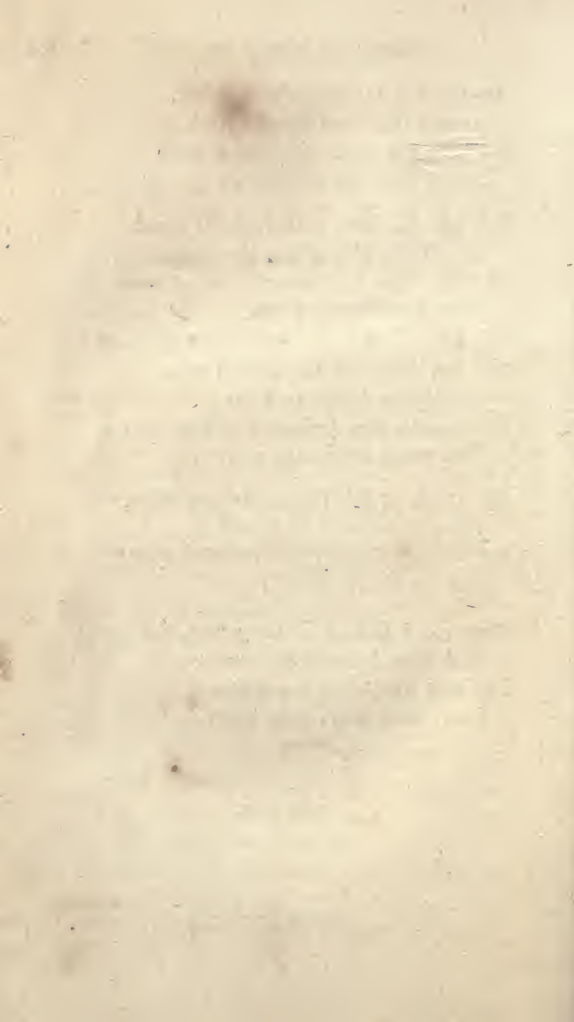
* * * * *

The sun smiles on the crested wave
The billows bound or free ;
But where's that light and gallant train
That swept across the sea.

The shoals of fish they still sport there,
The white-winged birds still fly ;
But where's the gay and mirthful crew
And sounds of revelry ?

Their mirth is hushed, the young, the proud,
They sleep beneath the wave :
The wild winds sing a requiem
Above their deep, deep grave.

THE END.



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As the fresh rose-bud needs the silvery shower,
The golden sun-shine, and the pearly dew,
The joyous day, with all its changes new,
Ere it can bloom into the perfect flower;
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Of heaven will fragrant purity be caught,
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